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THE ROSE-BUSH IN THE UPPER WINDOW.

Down in the heart of the city's slums,
Where want is rife, and sorrow comes,
Where misery reigns, and hunger, and grief
Where squalor and filth are found alone,
And Intemperance revels in its glory,
Where murder and shame are found alone,
And Christianity never is known,
Stands a tenement, towering, old,
Reaching with dampness, grey with mould.
Rickety stairways, creaking doors,
Home of the wretched, beggars and thieves.
About the dozen through the livelong day
Children in rags and children at play
Push from its portals robbed crew
Into the alley, and then pass through
Into the depth of many dawn
Dirty and squalid, and forlorn.
Within, each gloomily furnished room
Responds but poverty, crime, and gloom.
The home of a drunkard's wife
Upon the sky in these narrow walls
Within, each quantity furnished room
Responds but poverty, crime, and gloom.
The home of a drunkard's wife
Upon the sky in these narrow walls
No second of home-like memory rest,
But cold, and quarrel, and drunken jest
Come forth to tell of the hell within,
That watched home of sorrow and sin.

Yet, up in a window, beneath the roof
Of that tenement, so fit sited
From the haunts of fashion, I saw one day,
A simple flower had sprung up,
A simple flower had sprung up,
And I knew that it had sprung
On the cliff, and its name was ground
That flower must with a beauty rare,
And I knew that some hand placed it there
And watered it daily but still a part
Of—God grown purely in her heart.
For that modest bud in the window high,
So longing to smile in the clear, blue sky,
Lovingly looking to heaven above,
Told of a heart filled with love.
For some thing—of an inward grace
That to me and to all you yet efface.

So oft as I passed that window high,
I'd upward glance to that window high,
And wonder whose was the tender care
That watched and nurtured that flower there.
One day as I passed at rapid pace
I caught a glimpse of a pale, wan face
Peering out from the window high.
And I said to myself, I know not why—
As I hurried on, "The spell is o'er.
That lovely flower will bloom no more."

I passed again, one sombre morn,
Through that dark and dingy street forlorn.
The very heavens seemed to mourn;
The rain was pouring in torrents down;
A cadence sad and low complete
Had settled down on that lonely street;
And I knew not why, but over my soul
A sudden and dark foreboding stole;
So I hastened it down in my rapid worn,
And upward looked for the flower—I was gone,
Whether the hour a charity was
Pleading for, and I saw a man
Placing a coffin within a hearse, and this,
On a rude pine coffin that laid within.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER I.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

"Good morning, papa!" It was a silvery, mirthful voice, such as remind one of the soft tinkle of bells over snow—of the gushing music of a bounding rivulet—of the trilling song of a bird, and which, like all these, sends through the heart, even in sadness, a thrill of joy. The speaker bounded forward with the graceful movements of an antelope, threw her white arms around her father's neck, and kissed him on either cheek. "I knew I should find you here knee-deep in papers and dry-goods bills, and that's why you would not come down to the store without bringing a great roll of papers home with you to pore over till midnight, to say nothing of getting up before dawn to resume the pleasing task." If not, I would hire an extra clerk." Without waiting for a reply she perched herself on his knee, and rattled on in her bright, precious way. "You do not ask me how I enjoyed the party last night. I shall not tell you, however, for I am come to talk of something else. Madame La Forte's soiree will be a week from to-night—next Thursday—as I have already told you not less than fifty times. Well, I am going with Harry, of course, and I mean to look splendid. It takes five feathers to make fan birds you, know, and I have decided to wear scarlet, very scarlet, that I have never worn before. So I have come to give you a list of what I really must have, knowing I shall get all I ask for, as I always do. Let me tell you that—placing a white hand firmly over his mouth as she saw he was about to speak—"firstly: I must have a massive silk with point lace trimmings; secondly, gloves and fan to match; thirdly, a few dollars for the dressmaker, ribbons and other things, and—well, I guess those are all for this time." She gave him another caress, settled herself more comfortably on his knee, and smiled in his face with a self satisfied air.

"Sit here, my child," her father said, gravely, drawing a low stool to his feet and desiring her upon it as he spoke; "I want to talk with you."

"Yes, you want to lecture me on economy," she said, with a pretty pout. "You have lectured me so often of late that I know it by the whole rigmarole by heart. You'll tell me that I am a spoiled child—which I know is true—and that I should be more careful of money, and that I shall not find such a page to lavish money and all its attendant luxuries upon me, which I hope is not true, and then you'll wind up by kissing me, and saying that I shall have everything I ask for, because you love me so dearly. What a dear old darling you are, papa!" she exclaimed, rising up and caressing his again. "I am proud of you, indeed I am!"

Light-hearted by nature, and having never known sorrow in any form, is it a wonder she could not see the dark cloud already hovering over her home, or the deep face which grief and care had worn in her father's face? Her life had been one long round of pleasure—a fairy dream with nothing harsh or practical to break even for a moment the enchanted spell. She was not indifferent to the sorrows of others, however, but loving the sunlight she sought its rays, and basking in its noonday glories—exerting its rich colors and aerial hues, she instinctively shunned all that were dark or heavy, or that could cloud the sunshine of her joyous nature. Yet beneath that joyous exterior flowed—though she knew it not—a current deep and mighty, though noiseless; a current pure and unsullied by the world's vile touch, and white, like the slumbering volcano, needed some agitating power to cause it to show its latent strength. To all appearances she was a spoiled child of wealth and fashion. Society, however, strange as it may seem of one of her temperament, had done her no serious harm. Vain, ill had made her somewhat wilful, fond of dress, and not averse to admiration; but those subtle influences calculated to dwarf and undermine the budding principles of pure womanhood had glanced off her, as water, when dashed against a clean smooth surface, drips to the ground and leaves no trace behind.

"Listen a moment; I have no desire to lecture you, Ada," her father said, wearily. "I wish simply to ask you what you would do if we should become poor."

"Do?" she said half petulantly; "how can I tell? I should not like it, I am very sure of that. I suppose, though, I should do as Carrie does, poor girl; her I pity her! And she so pretty and sweet, too! I have three dresses to her one, and she has only pearls, where I have pearls and diamonds and other jewelry almost beyond count. She is a dear girl, though, and I am going to let her wear my diamonds to Madam's soiree! I shall wear pearls, which are far prettier than diamonds with point lace, I think."

"Then, you call your friend poor when she moves in the first circles, and her father's income is at least three thousand a year—and she, like you, an only child? Oh, Heaven!" he groaned, covering his face with his hands; "must I tell you, child, what poverty really is?"

She looked up at him with wide open eyes. "What have I said which pains you, papa?" she asked, quickly. "I did not mean to be thoughtless, though I am never anything else, and you always laugh at me as if you expect nothing better of me."

He uncovered his face and smoothed back her loose wavy hair, with trembling hand.

"What should you know of storms when you have always lived in the sunshine, little one?" he said, with ineffable tenderness. "Then you have seen the back streets of our city, where want, and dirt, and squalor prevail—where people fear not God, and care for man so far that they escape the punishment he is capable of inflicting; you have seen the beggar on our streets with no place when night came to lay his head; the woman, with her child pressed close to her despairing heart, suffering from hunger and cold, anguish, desperation, perhaps remorse, stamped on every feature, and praying for only death: the little child on the street corners, with thin, extended hand, beseeching the passer-by for a penny with which to purchase food for a sick and starving parent. Tell me, child, is poverty, and they who endure it are human beings."

While these words were being said, the joyous light that flashed from the girl's large hazel eyes, and animated every feature of her face, gave place to a deep, earnest, thoughtful expression, which one would think such eyes could gain only by years of thought and sad experiences.

"But I thought this was degradation, papa; not so much a poverty of purse as poverty of mind," she said, earnestly. "Surely none but those whose mental powers are terribly dwarfed, as possibly now and then one to whom fate has been very unkind, could come down to either of the conditions you have named."

"Those, of course, are among the worst forms of poverty. There are other grades, however. What I meant to ask you was, what you would do if we should become poor, in the general acceptation of the word. Say so poor that you would be obliged to wear cheap dresses, and hats, and jewelry such as Mary, our housemaid, wears?"

"Papa!" she said, her old impetuous manner asserting itself, and her dark eyes flashing with scorn, as she sprang erect from her seat, "I am more robe, "I dress as Mary does? I should die—that is what I should do; die of very shame! I should not dare to live a week under so great a humiliation."

Again he bowed his head in his hands. He had hoped something, he hardly knew what; but now, even that a light reed was broken, he must face the storm alone.

Again that magical change swept over the girl's face. Something like a shadow of the truth seemed to have dawned upon her, for her lips form merged for a moment as if beneath a heavy burden. Then all the surface all was calm again. She rose to her feet and slipped one jewelled arm round his neck.

"Papa," she said, in her clear, musical tones, "tell me what trouble you have, that some danger threatens us. Let me bear it with you. Trust me, papa; I am nearer a true woman than you think."

He raised his haggard face to hers.

"You know not what you ask, my child," he said. "Only a moment ago you were declaring that you would rather die than be poor, and now you are urging me to tell you that which may result in something infinitely worse."

"But I am not what I was a few moments ago," she pleaded; "you will find me much stronger. Let the truth be what it may, you will need my sympathy. I have promised and I shall not fail you."

There was a silence of some minutes. The heavy breathing of the man; the gentle respiration of the girl, the ticking of the clock sitting on a delicate bracket in one corner of the library; the snapping of the fire in the grate, were the only sounds that broke the death-like stillness pervading the room. The girl turned, and with noiseless step glided to the window, and looked out into the dreary, chilly November day. All was wet, and cold, and dreary—more dreary than she had ever seen it in her life before, and she wondered why there was no fire. She did not know that there must be sorrow in the heart ere the damp and chill from without can reach it. Heretofore it mattered not if it snowed, or rained, or if the clouds drifted in inky blackness across the sky, there was always sunshine in her heart. But now she gave a shudder, such a one as had never thrilled her frame before, and turned her eyes on her father's sorrow-stricken countenance. She approached him again; not with her airy bounding step, but with slow measured tread.

"In all my life you have never refused me anything that I asked of you, papa, and must you refuse me now?" She lifted his head and smoothed back his hair—damp with agony—from his pale brow. "I will be very brave," she continued. "I give you my word that I shall not disappoint you. I have been very perverse, very wilful all my life; but I have been truthful, have I not?"

"You have, Ada," he answered in an agonized tone. "You are too proud to stoop to falsehood—too proud to even prevaricate, and that pride is what I fear; for the proud always suffer most. But you must know it sooner or later, and may Heaven sustain you, my child, for, save a few hundred dollar or I am not worth a dollar in the world!"

It was a heavy blow, and it came near crushing her beneath its weight. She dropped on her knees beside him, and withdrawing a veil, hid her face on his breast, her slight form quivering like an aspen.

"You are too young—you have been too tenderly nurtured to bear so cruel a shock, my child!" he cried, in an agony of remorse. "Through my womanish cravings for sympathy, I have dealt you a blow, the half of whose sorrow might have been spared you had I been less fearful."

She was herself in a moment. "Forgive me, papa," she said sweetly, rising and standing beside him again; "I had not dreamed it could be so bad. Is there no hope? Is all really gone—everything?"

"Everything," he reiterated, hopelessly. "I cannot possibly hold out longer than a week or—that is, if I get no further advances from my creditors. My affairs are in such shape, however, that I can suspend with a fair competence. But in doing this I should leave others to suffer, and I think to tell you, my child, that for your mother's sake and yours, I have even contemplated this act."

"Never?" she cried, with a flash of her old spirit. "I would rather hold up my head again, should you do this act for the sake of maintaining me in luxury. I have youth and health and strength, and I hope ordinary intelligence. Heaven forbid that you ever sacrifice the name you have thus long kept untarnished—the honor you hold so dear."

"I thank you for those words, my child," he answered, with deep emotion. "But you only partly realize the extent of your sacrifice. You forget that you are the promised bride of Harry Delmont. Under changed circumstances may prove a matter of vital importance to him."

The light of newly-awakened sympathy faded from the girl's eyes, and every vestige of color forsook her face. Drop a feather, and it is perishable, smile played for a moment about her white lips—a smile very wistful—very tender, yet very proud.

"Harry Delmont is not the man who would desert his promised bride because she proves worth less in worldly goods than he thought—or, if he is," she added firmly, a swift light coming into the dark eyes—"and this knowledge fills me with scorn character, we may well thank Heaven that it has fallen."

He looked upon her with pleased surprise He had had faith in her all her life. Even in her most reckless gaiety he had believed her better than the gay butterfly she seemed. She was so much a child, however, that he had not dared expect anything better from her, at first, than tears and protestations, and, perhaps, bursts of temper: and this dignity of manner, this strict adherence to the right, this strength of character, filled him with sweet sympathy and encouragement, warmed his chilled breast and strengthened him to grapple with the unpleasant duties before him. And as he looked on her in her fresh young womanhood, with the world all before her, his own spirits began to rise. This sorrow would not be for long, he hoped. Feminine natures were things so mutable. The caprices of childhood would never wear away, and in the more engaging pursuits of the hour she would forget, or rather put aside, this fanciful devotion to wealth and position. So he preceded to tell her his plans for the future, in delicate poetic language—for his temperament was scarce less poetic than her own—throwing over all an air of romance which divested the future of much of its harsher aspect; and, though she drew her breath hard, as she thought how far removed was the world he painted from the one she now occupied, she uttered no complaint. Neither did she murmur at the fate that cost her to accept this new life so composedly.

"Does mamma know?" she asked, when he had finished.

"She knows nothing; I have not had courage to tell her. Can you tell her?" he asked, deprecatingly. And then he paused and wondered at himself for having so much faith upon one who, an hour ago, was a mere child in his eyes. "It will go very hard with her," he resumed, falteringly. "She will not bear it half so well as you, and for that reason I have deferred telling her." He dropped his eyes as if half ashamed of his cowardice, and fell to studying listlessly the pattern of the carpet at his feet, a heart Mr. Venner was no coward. On the contrary, he was brave and true, noble and highly generous, and his sensitive nature shrank from a grief he could not assuage, or pleadings that he could not ratify. They are only the mean and cowardly who bear unmoved the tears and pleadings of those whom they profess to love. "I am asking too much of you, my child," he said, at length, breaking in on his own reverie, "in asking you to do this for me. I am asking too much of you, my child, when I thought," he added, quickly, "I should have been in the store an hour or more." And speaking a few words of kindly encouragement, and kissing her good-bye, he hurried away, with a man's instinctive dread of trouble, quickening his pace with every step, as if lengthening the distance between himself and home would make the burden lighter for her who had yet to feel its weight.

Left to herself, with none to witness her grief, the girl turned to face the reality, now dimmed by the haze of years of indulgence and wealth. She had little taste for either moral or mental improvement, and none whatever for any kind of genuine employment, and who, as on this occasion, found herself debarred her from the pleasant pastime of shopping or making and receiving calls, the hours dragged slowly and wearily by. She was a rather pretty woman, he buried away," with a man's instinctive dread of trouble, quickening his pace with every step, as if lengthening the distance between himself and home would make the burden lighter for her who had yet to feel its weight.

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"I will write papa a letter," she said, at length, "telling him that I am sorry for his misfortunes, and that I will do anything he wishes me to do, and you will feel better after writing a while," Ada said quickly. "I will go now, for papa will be waiting."

She left the room, carefully closing the door after her. She would not allow her thoughts to dwell even for a second on her sorrow in her way down stairs, and she swept into the dining-room with a ray of sunshine through the gloom of the dull, stormy day. Her father was watching the door with gentle, nervous trust. His name formed in most loving tones, and he looked long and anxiously down upon the smiling upturned face.

"What are you my child?" he asked tenderly, looking upon the beautiful face which he had been hidden by the world's rough shell all these years until the light was so ruthlessly let into the darkened chamber of your soul?"

"I hope so, papa," she said, while tears gathered in her bright eyes. "Anyway it is a comfort to have you think so. I have told mamma that I have been in bed all day with a headache, but is not coming down, Shall I order dinner now?"

CHAPTER II.

FACING THE REALITY.

It was not till Ada was alone in her room that the reaction came. When there, she rang for her maid, and told her that she had a headache of the afternoon, for a night-wrapper fastened at the waist with a heavy cord and tassel.

"You may go now, Nannette," she said; then with a sudden remembrance for the girl, whose lot was so like her own must soon be, she added: "You are a good girl, Nannette. Hate is a dress for you. It is not even soiled, and I have grown tired of it. With some slight changes it will fit you nicely."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" the girl ejaculated, her eyes sparkling with delight, as she held the dress up before her and admired its bright warm colors. "you are so good to me, Miss Ada; always so good to me!"

She left the room with her treasure humming a gay air as she skipped down the hall.

"I shall not dress to-day, neither shall I go down to dinner. Who, save you, could think of dining off silver to-day, when to-morrow we may have nothing better than pewter! And you could even meet my friends disgraced and humiliated, as I shall be!" she cried, wringing her hands and moaning piteously.

"You need not meet them," the girl said bitterly. "It all probability you will never come to us, and we need not go to them."

"No, they will not come to us! how could they, cast off and degraded as we shall be! And I shall be shut up in some hovel to know nothing of the outside world, to pine and die alone with none to care for me. Oh! that I should ever come to this! To have your father to sink down to the level of a common lawyer again, the very point from which he first started! It is dreadful! dreadful to be thus shut out from every earthly blessing! If only you could sympathize with me!" she cried, rocking to and fro, as if the excess of her lost fortune depended entirely on rapidity of her movements; "but you are incapable of the sympathy I need. Like your father, you think it very easy to live and give our last dollar to a set of grasping thieves. Oh, that I should have lived to see this day!" she cried again, striking her jewelled hands together with a violence that startled and sound which would naturally have impressed one with the idea that the gems on her plump fingers were going through a course of spontaneous explosion "this dreadful, dreadful day!"

To this mindless, soulless woman the thought of being cast off and neglected by the fashionable world was the very acme of sorrow, and to her thought—as sympathy for the husband and father who had toiled all these weary years, only to see when health and strength were beginning to fail- his hard earned fortune swept away at once—she was too thoroughly selfish and vain to care for anything but that which would result to her own personal benefit.

Ada was not to blame so much for the loss of wealth as the loss of power that the world caused. Could she have hid her poverty from the world, and still retained her position in society—the wherewithal to dress and make a display—her troubles would have been comparatively light. She would have feasted whilst others feasted, would have retrenched household expenses for outside glitter and show, to the sacrifice of every comfort and convenience which make home so dear, and would have borne all consequent hardships with a heroism capable of rivaling the self-immolation of the bravest spartan. Mrs. Venner belonged pre-eminently to the world. Dress and display were her gods, and she worshipped them with a zeal and devotion worthy a better cause. To her eyes there was no life equal to this. Blinded as she was by the glamor of the world, the higher life entirely escaped her. That better life which associates itself with nature and draws its greatest and purest enjoyment from her "ample store of light and color, and sunshine and song, was a sealed book to her. In all her simple, voiceless life, she had never spoken a plainer truth than when she said there was no romance in her composition. She had not even enough of the finer instincts of the poet to tire of the false pleasures that had enchanted her these years; and when those idols were taken from her, there was nothing left in which she could turn for sympathy or enjoyment.

"How's grieve so, mamma," Ada said, smilingly, "you will be ill in bed if you continue to give way in this way. Let down, and let papa give us some of those drops, which the doctor left for you when you had one of your bad spells. They always help you when you are tired and nervous."

Mrs. Venner submitted with the manner of a conquered child, and when Ada had made her comfortable, lay weeping silently.

"I will go down and tell papa you are ill, and will administer to you myself," Ada said, "I will call Margaret to sit by you, child I can't Papa will feel so lonely if neither of us come down."

"No!" responded Mrs. Venner, with a nervous rush as soon to hold enough to frame words, but the impossibility of putting even "I will only allow you, I shall be very angry if you do not," she added, with a petulant tone long disused.

"I will bring you a cup of tea myself, and something to eat, and you will feel better after resting a while," Ada said quickly. "I will go now, for papa will be waiting."

She left the room, carefully closing the door after her. She would not allow her thoughts to dwell even for a second on her sorrow in her way down stairs, and she swept into the dining-room with a ray of sunshine through the gloom of the dull, stormy day. Her father was watching the door with gentle, nervous trust. His name formed in most loving tones, and he looked long and anxiously down upon the smiling upturned face.

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"It will never do," she said, decidedly. "Your romantic ideas are very well in themselves, but you cannot expect to adopt them. Your father must say nothing of our misfortunes at present, if he can help it, and for a few weeks I shall. Lose word of sorrow-agreeable from me will come Harry in plead for an early marriage. To make it look more on people like that, and going to the country for the holidays. People will understand that Harry urged an early wedding to save having received if your society. When your father is settled in his work may come; I will then it as best I can."

A singular expression flitted across the girl's face. It might have been sensible—it might have been cunning; but that there was a fixed determination in it, her next words verified beyond a doubt.

"I can never consent to that, mamma," she said; "and if he or you to say not to need to Harry about it, he will be very humiliation if you love me, for I have already suffered more than you think."

"Perverse as ever!" Mrs. Venner said, with rising anger. "Little you know of what is before you. What do you know of poverty? You who in all your life never had a wish ungratified! I have felt its galling chains, and no child of mine shall ever have a stake in your cradle. Were you my greatest child you would hear to me and ever what I have suffered."

"Yet, those were happy days, mamma," murmured the girl, kneeling over her mother's knee, her fertile imagination painting a picturesque cottage, nestled in its green cup of vine shrubbery—a fair young mother with her infant in her arms—the strong happy husband hurrying his good-bye kiss at the door, and hurrying away, consoling himself with the thought that business hours would soon be over, when he would hasten back to his loved ones.

A soft light dawned for a moment in the mother's eyes, but faded out as quickly as it had come. "Yes, I was happy then for I knew nothing better. But after having lived on the ambrosia of the gods, how can I go back to the coarse food of the common herd! I tell you, child, you know nothing about it!" she cried, with her jewelled hands on the knees of her chair in the very paroxysm of passion. "And you stand there like a marble statue, and feel as insensible as if your condition. Why, child! do you know that the very gas-lamps we have on, cost as much as the whole year's income of a day laborer! And you are so romantic to think that Harry Delmont, rich and talented, the reigning pet of society, will play King Cophetua and marry the beggar maid! Where is the good sense your father always claimed you were possessed of?"

"Mother," and Ada's weary voice told how harshly her mother's cruel words had passed on the delicate chords of her sensitive nature. "will you spare me this much? Will you say no more about this matter to-day? Let me be the first dinner bell, and you still have on your morning gown. Shall I summon Margaret to help you dress?"

"No, I shall not dress to-day, neither shall I go down to dinner. Who, save you, could think of dining off silver to-day, when to-morrow we may have nothing better than pewter! And you could even meet my friends disgraced and humiliated, as I shall be!" she cried, wringing her hands and moaning piteously.

"You need not meet them," the girl said bitterly. "In all probability you will never come to us, and we need not go to them."

"No, they will not come to us! how could they, cast off and degraded as we shall be! And I shall be shut up in some hovel to know nothing of the outside world, to pine and die alone with none to care for me. Oh! that I should ever come to this! To have your father to sink down to the level of a common lawyer again, the very point from which he first started! It is dreadful! dreadful to be thus shut out from every earthly blessing! If only you could sympathize with me!" she cried, rocking to and fro, as if the excess of her lost fortune depended entirely on rapidity of her movements; "but you are incapable of the sympathy I need. Like your father, you think it very easy to live and give our last dollar to a set of grasping thieves. Oh, that I should have lived to see this day!" she cried again, striking her jewelled hands together with a violence that startled and sound which would naturally have impressed one with the idea that the gems on her plump fingers were going through a course of spontaneous explosion "this dreadful, dreadful day!"

To this mindless, soulless woman the thought of being cast off and neglected by the fashionable world was the very acme of sorrow, and to her thought—as sympathy for the husband and father who had toiled all these weary years, only to see when health and strength were beginning to fail- his hard earned fortune swept away at once—she was too thoroughly selfish and vain to care for anything but that which would result to her own personal benefit.

Ada was not to blame so much for the loss of wealth as the loss of power that the world caused. Could she have hid her poverty from the world, and still retained her position in society—the wherewithal to dress and make a display—her troubles would have been comparatively light. She would have feasted whilst others feasted, would have retrenched household expenses for outside glitter and show, to the sacrifice of every comfort and convenience which make home so dear, and would have borne all consequent hardships with a heroism capable of rivaling the self-immolation of the bravest spartan. Mrs. Venner belonged pre-eminently to the world. Dress and display were her gods, and she worshipped them with a zeal and devotion worthy a better cause. To her eyes there was no life equal to this. Blinded as she was by the glamor of the world, the higher life entirely escaped her. That better life which associates itself with nature and draws its greatest and purest enjoyment from her "ample store of light and color, and sunshine and song, was a sealed book to her. In all her simple, voiceless life, she had never spoken a plainer truth than when she said there was no romance in her composition. She had not even enough of the finer instincts of the poet to tire of the false pleasures that had enchanted her these years; and when those idols were taken from her,

them beautiful sights and sounds. When the dinner bell rang it shook its light head—drew tall forests low at his approach and the whole animal kingdom flee before his wrath, the inspired soul of the poet rises on the wings of the wind, on it goes, gaining strength as it soars, until the bard draws himself to his utmost height. If nature our's upon him and his heart be heavy, he can not in sun for sympathy; but soon he from the objects and scenes he loves, he approach the very grass seems to whisper a welcome—the flowers bend their fragile heads and wasp with him, the rivulet's joyous ripple sinks in a sympathetic murmur, and the birds hill their most plaintive notes in honor of his guest.

Ada's spirits, true to her poetic nature, sank with the storm. Again she looked out into the gulley night. All was cold, dark and dreary. Was that the world really as cruel as she had read? Were love and purity, and all the finer feelings with which we are endowed, sacrificed to the one god of the vulgar gain? Her mother's fascinating words of the morning were as a heated iron touching in her soul, to whose poignant wounds she could not be insensible, even for a moment. Those words were running in her mind, and scattering doubt along her path.

"And you are so romantic as to think that Harry Dalmont, rich and talented, a pet of society, will play King Cophetua and marry the beggar maid?" In society a vast number of place in which seats were sold for gold, the affections crushed, and truth and purity counted as nought—the victims beholding their sacrifice the act of appearing before the world that which they are not, and all for the sake of bringing the highest sawbuck price? Was it for this that women lived and died? Was this the mode in our enlightened fulfilling the command of Him who bade us to love and honor, not the gold gained by marriage, but the one with whom we are to journey through life. "Sir, Ada, you are strange. Do you love Mr. Dalmont, or not?" Yet she felt the truth gaining upon her every moment, felt with her naturally quick perception that this marriage do unhappiness to her friend and involve the loss of society. There, it seemed all fiction—the imaginings of some fertile brain—as she had thought. The world was not a garden of flowers, and her path had already passed by a dismal barren plain, over which the trail of the serpent was everywhere to be seen. And she must drift out on this cold storm-beaten plain, a waif and a stray, in free poverty, the world's coldness, and the contempt of her late friend—the one brave of affection exalted in her heart—and left to converse themselves with their sweet longing for the sweet dead past. Oh, if one human heart was not left to warm her, one human soul to sympathize with her, how could she endure the heartwriting on the wall. The fiat had gone forth. Remembered no more had a place in society. Her mother's will of others for her daily bread. She must give up wealth, love, everything but life. She knew she should not die. She had read numberless times of the poor sewing girl, at last not till they are utterly consumed by sorrow. And she was young and so strong! she should live years, no doubt. Sorrow does its work so slowly in many cases, that the victim sees the night when it has been down through the day, that its cruel fear may last the longer. Yes it was all clear to her now. All the anguish and humiliation, and suffering of thought, and still the fire darkened and sparkled, the wind sighed through the tree tops, and still that constant drip, drip, drip of the rain. She had thought she suffered as she lay upon the library floor that terrible night, but then there was none of the disappointment of a wayward child who has had his favorite bauble, than the grief of a strong, self-reliant woman. But here, in the darkness and loneliness of midnight, she had viewed the world stripped of its rainbow hues—had seen her poetic fancies fade, one by one before the pathosophy of cold, hard reality—had seen the path which she must henceforth tread, and knew that it was rough, barren, desolate. Ah? how the truth pulled her proud sensitive spirit?

It must be borne in mind that Ada was of the age and kind to whom, until sorrow comes, life is one long day of perpetual sunshine. Such natures pluck the flowers in their path with eager hand, and enjoy the ambrosial dew from their luscious hearts, think not of the viper lying coiled among the gorgeous colors. They skim over the surface of things, on airy wing, seeking light and joy and ambition, same butterfly-like in the genial warmth, basking in the sunshine of some ruthless hand. And all her joyous life Ada had skimmed over the surface of things, butterfly fashion, never dreaming that a smiling face could be a mask, at which the worn of discontent grows incessantly, or that the lives of one-half of the world are living lies. It is doubtful if even her mother knew her, for she was inscrutable of nature, and her self-control did not overshipped. And if society ever had a faithful devotee at her jewelled shrine Mrs. Vesmer was certainly that one. She would resume her hands in the very tightest gloves she could get on, endure excruciating agony from tight boots for the sake of having her foot look well; go to church for the sake of showing off her rich apparel, and rattling her diamonds; and was at the very acme of female happiness when she was answering some other woman. If she had any other prevailing traits of character they were of this same order. It was so impossible for her to rise above her natural status as it would be for one to soar boldly to the stars, with no other aid than the mere force of will. Her mother was to blame for this, in the fact that she was incapable of appreciating a higher life, and if Mrs. Vesmer had ever made an effort to rise above her common life there was no living soul to help her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Important to Know.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
The first air pump was made in 1650.
Anesthesia was first discovered in 1841.
The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.
The first lucifer matches were made in 1829.
The cotton Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.
The first iron steamship was built in 1820.
Ships were first propelled by steam in 1807.
Coaches were first used in England in 1509.
The first bank of deposit was started in 1782.
The first incumbent piled the Bastinado in 1687.
Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.
The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.
Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1839.
The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.
The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1787.
Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.
The first telescope was probably used in England in 1609.
The first iron-maker's anvil was brought to America in 1621.
The first model of a locomotive in this country was in 1825.
The first steamboat was printed by George Von Pasch in 1543.
The first almanacs were introduced into Rome from Persia in 1288.
The first newspaper printed in the United States was in 1704.
The first printing-press in the continent was established in 1539.
The first printing-press in America was established in 1638.
The first printing-press in Boston was established in 1674.
The first printing-press in Philadelphia was established by Miss Bradford in 1685.
The first printing-press in Germantown was established by Christopher Sower, Jr., in 1738.

LOVE DOCTOR.

BY JOHN PAYNE.

SONNET.

Kiss me once more, sweet love. One parting kiss
And Love is laid in peace for all the past.
The time hath broken each remembrance fast
That bound us each to each in happiness.
Thanks to me hard to break—for now I miss
Not this nor that, but all, and at last
The time is come when I can look aback
And see the end of all our bitterness.
The time is come when I can look aback
And see the end of all our bitterness.
The time is come when I can look aback
And see the end of all our bitterness.

MY BETTER WOMAN.

Would the dissatisfaction such a perfect pen
Of my sentiment awaken?
Would the rare but flawless accent perfume
If the words of love were spoken?
Would the dewdrops seem so clear and pure
If the sun were not shining?
Or the little warmest be half so great
If all were cold and pining?

'Tis the hand or not to the meeting bird
That stirs with the grow of wood;
'Tis the voice or tender, the sweeter wind
That rules without regret;
And the heart that is filled by the solid and high
May fade, and pine, and grieve,
But would still be the best of the best
In the little women's way.

COURT CEREMONIES.

A "court" consists of a reception by Her Majesty (Queen Victoria) to which no one can go who has not received a command so to do. These commands are generally confined to the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministry, members of the royal household, and other persons holding official positions. If a court is held, it is generally the first court reception of the year — none took place this season. Both ladies and gentlemen are invited to a court, and presentations may be made on command. Dress rooms are the means by which ladies are enabled to be presented to and to pay their respects to Her Majesty. There are usually three in the year, one before Easter, and two, of late years with but one day's interval between them—early in May. This Spring, however, there were two before Easter, making four in all. "Presentation" and "Court Levee day drawing room" held on the day appointed for the official celebration of the Queen's birthday, at which no presentations could be made, and at which gentlemen appear in mourning; but close "the" mourning for the Prince Consort this has been abandoned. Only ladies are expected to present themselves at drawing-rooms, and gentlemen are not supposed to attend in company with the ladies of their families, but must first receive from the Queen a "Command" to present themselves. The notice is always given in the Gazette of a drawing-room at which gentlemen will be held. *Ladies who have already presented need take no steps as to announcing their intention of presenting themselves*; they give the Palace on the day appointed, taking with them the large cards of their names lightly written on one, one to be left in the cage in the corridor, the other given to the Lord Chamberlain's page in waiting, to present to the Queen. A lady who wishes to be presented must first find a friend willing to present her, and to whom she is personally known, and then she is going she must then some days—two full days at least—previously inform the Lord Chamberlain of her intention, and of the name of the Lord Chamberlain's page in waiting. Each of these two large cards inscribed with her name and address of the lady presenting her, thus: "The Countess of C., on occasion to the title, by the Duchess of Z.," "Mrs. Brown on her marriage, by Mrs. Whyte," "Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Whyte," "Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Whyte, by her mother, Mrs. White," &c. These cards must be accompanied by a note from the lady who is to present, stating the name of the person to be presented, and presenting the the drawing-room and presenting the cards. The same hours for presentation as at the Queen, two presentation cards may be obtained, on which the same words are to be written as on those left at the office, and these are taken by the lady to the palace. "Full dress" is a compulsory at a drawing room. The orthodox costume consists of a train of an extra large length of three yards, a low bodice (unless a special dispensation is granted Her Majesty's permission to wear a square bodice have been obtained), a skirt matching either the bodice or the train, lappets of the tulle veil, and a court plume, consisting of three white feathers for a married, or two for an unmarried lady. Ladies have the honor to kiss Her Majesty's hand on presentation, with the exception of princesses and daughters of peers, who are kissed on the cheek by the Queen. When Her Majesty retires from levee, the Princess of Wales, and other royal ladies merely curtsey, and do not kiss hands. A lady is presented when she first comes out, and judges of any change of dress appropriate on her marriage; for instance, Miss A. presented as a debutante—Miss A., the son of the Earl of C., and grandson of the Marquis of D., is presented as "Hon. Mrs. B." on her marriage, as "Countess of C." on the death of her husband's grandfather, and as "Marchioness D." on the death of his father. The ceremonies observed by gentlemen with regard to presentation at levees correspond precisely with those observed by ladies. A gentleman is presented on first entering life, and at all subsequent stages of his career. For instance, an officer would be presented as a sub-lieutenant, and again on attaining each successive grade of rank, the words "On promotion" being appended to the "presentation." It is unnecessary that the presentation should be made by the colonel of his regiment; that by a personal friend. Gentlemen are also presented on change of name, on receiving an appointment, on accession to a title—the "Hon." on change of station. When the Queen holds a levee in person, gentlemen presented kiss her hand, when the Prince of Wales holds a levee in her half, they merely bow. The dress at levees is, for ordinary civilians, a dress coat of blue or colored cloth coat of any color except blue (which is appropriated by diplomatists, ministers and members of the household), a white dress coat, but single-breasted, and with a straight collar and jacket. Epaulettes, the collar and cuffs of which are embroidered in drawing rooms. State concerts or balls, breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with buckles must be worn; for levees, trousers of cloth, or of velvet if the coat is of velvet, with narrow gold lace down the outside seam of each leg. White necktie, sword and cocked hat are distinguish. The old court dress may also be worn—a cloth dress coat, with gold lace and buttons in front, cuts and pocket flaps, embroidered on the waistcoat, lace ruffles and jabot, white stock, knee breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes a big wig at the back of the head, etc. Officers wear their full dress uniform of their rank. Clergymen wear the academic robes, Queen's Counsel their silk gowns, Judges their full robes, of course, when the latter are invited to balls or concerts, the gowns are dispensed with, and they appear in civilian dress. Foreigners wishing to be presented are presented by their respective ambassadors. It is considered a mark of respect for those ladies and gentlemen who have been presented to inscribe their names at the levee held at the Palace at Buckingham Palace whenever Her Majesty is in town. The room where it is kept is entered by the door to the left of the throne in Buckingham Palace nearest the Buckingham Gate. It is also customary to write down the name at Marlborough House for the Prince and Princess of Wales. The court festivities of the season, other than the levees and drawing-rooms given by the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Queen, consist of two concerts and two balls. To the concerts the whole of the diplomatic and civil list, comprising only the Diplomatic Ministry and the Household Officers, who are asked to both, and the highest members of the aristocracy, the invitations to whom are divided between the Queen and the Prince, the distinctions are invited to the concerts instead of the balls. The two balls, concerts and balls, the lists of persons to be invited to which are kept by the Lord Chamberlain and submitted to Her Majesty for her approval, are the only occasions invited in from eighteen hundred to two hundred, but it is much to be regretted that more balls are not given in the season, as they are admirably adapted for the purpose of bringing together all who are entitled by their social position to be invited are prevented by the impossibility of accommodating all who would like to attend. This being so, political adherents are frequently invited in preference to the social Members of Parliament, with their wives and daughters, figure largely in the list. The opportunity is also taken of inviting to the Queen's balls those who do not attend a drawing-room, and who do not appear every other year. The dress worn by gentlemen at a levee, concert or ball is the same as that which they wear at a drawing-room, and the "full dress" which are not required to appear in trains, knee-breeches and pumps. When there is a court mourning the dress worn is the same as that worn at a levee in mourning, which consists of a dress coat, waistcoat and pantaloons of black cloth, the ladies black, white, grey, or lilac and black, or white with a plain or fancy train over the upper part of the dress, and a black or white fan, and the drawing rooms and levees. If there is any doubt as to whether mourning is required to be worn on occasion there are two methods of procedure open to a doubt: an inquiry at the Lord Chamberlain's office, or a glance at the "full dress" in the Court Circular.

PESTH STATE DANCES.

How the Homecomings of the Constituents Amuse Them.

The following extracts from a private letter, which has been forwarded to us, describe some ceremonial dances in Pesth:

It was amusing in the morning to watch the country people streaming into the town in large and small parties, some on foot, others in gaily decked carts, with their horses gaily bedecked with ribbons and flowers. They had their costumes and dresses put on in the hotels, some with their hair already painted, and their hair done up in tapes in the oddest way possible. All the girls had the "tails" (native wooden drawers) worn making a great show of square, and when all the people were assembled we went and drove through the streets in a troupe of six, which had been put up to amuse us from the rest.

First came the school children. They passed up in single file, and passing inside the advertising the noted themselves up in the centre of the square, and stood at it (passing and repassing) and read a verse from the bible. Then they sang a hymn, dismissed, and came up in the same fashion with their writing on native came a dance as the "mohr." They rolled a little, divided into bands, and then came forward in a sort of dance, turning first to one side and then the other, moving in the most perfect time, and finally ranging themselves all their heads and hands, and the way in which the music, if one can so call it, was first of all sung by them in front of them taken up, a third lower, by those behind, was very effective. If I have time I will translate the "mohr" for you. It was "composed" for the occasion. When they had come close enough, on a signal from the first dancer, they all broke and ran away, which had been put up to screen us from the sun.

The native teacher called out the name of a country as "Peribania" (Britain) and one of the children in a low voice, as if prompting, said "Britania no naimaitis" (Britain is a kingdom). Then a thirteen-year-old girl came out, saying where Britain is, &c., &c., then, with a swaying motion of their bodies and a rythmical stepping of the feet, commenced dancing the ground, sometimes pointing on one side, sometimes the other, and sometimes joining hands together, and then dancing in a circle (representing the calmest, government, etc., of the British Isles), the whole school procession turned into a rather pretty dance. In this way they went through nearly all the countries in Europe, their school dance ending in a play of "God Save the Queen" in English, except the school children dancing.

Then came the event of the day, the great State "mohr." The first was the "Flying Fan Dance." From the half-ribbon reads leading out of the corners of the square came two bands of men dressed in like a sort of kilt: of green and white striped linen. Then were beautiful girls, the leaves lying very thick one piece anotner, and reaching below their knees. The men were very fine specimens of humanity; some had their faces blackened or painted black and red, and their heads done up in the most extraordinary way with tapes. Garlands of flowers and white tapes. Garlands of flowers and white tapes. Garlands of flowers and white

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. PHILADELPHIA. 1821 [illegible] 1877.

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[illegible]

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the postmasters, will exert themselves, and get up large clubs for the Mammoth Post; or, if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 22, 1877.

TO THE READERS OF THE POST.

By a reference to the announcement at the head of our editorial page, it will be seen that we have decided to make it highly advantageous to our patrons to form clubs of twenty, offering to furnish such clubs with twenty copies of the POST for twenty dollars, exclusive of an additional copy gratis to the getter-up of each club. These figures are remarkably low, and just here we would remark that the POST was never cheaper than at present, was never larger in size, and never presented such a varied and valuable literary banquet for its readers. We would urge all our patrons to promptly take advantage of the terms now offered, and organize clubs of twenty among their friends and neighbors. We desire to make the merits of the POST known everywhere throughout the country, and ask our patrons thus to aid us in the work.

CONTENTS OF THE POST.

This week the POST will be found to present a highly attractive table of contents. In the "Home Culture" department we print another installment of Mrs. H. O. Ward's excellent work on "Self-Training," which is replete with capital information on the subject of etiquette. James Rees is represented by a continuation of his curious "Book of Origins," and the different departments overflow with information of the most varied description. We commence in this number the publication of two new serial stories, namely, "Tried by Fire" and "False to Himself," both of which will be found of pronounced interest. Besides these, "Enid's Secret" is continued, and several short stories and much miscellaneous matter are given, including excellent correspondence from home and abroad, and many poems of much merit. Thus it will be seen that the POST is constantly improving, and fully maintains its time-honored position as the leading family paper of the United States.

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt, whose name has acquired a peculiar charm from its association with those of Byron and Shelley, was a poet and essayist of considerable merit. His father was a native of Barbadoes, in the West Indies, but early removed to the United States, where he took up his residence. He went to college in Philadelphia and New York, and finally took the degree of A. M. in both cities. He then studied law, and practiced in Philadelphia until the breaking out of the Revolution, when, becoming a violent Tory, he was compelled to abscond. He went to England and became first, a clergyman of the Anglican church, and then tutor to Mr. Leigh, nephew of the Duke of Chandos. His son was born at the Duke's country-seat at Southgate, October 19, 1784, and was named Leigh, after his father's pupil. The atmosphere of Southgate would seem particularly favorable to the growth of literary genius, for Marlowe, the old dramatist, was born in its neighborhood, and near it resided Steele, Arbuthnot, Akenside, Shelley and Keats.

At an early age young Leigh was placed at Christ Hospital school, where he remained until his fifteenth year, when he left on account of a hesitation in his speech, which rendered it impossible for him to become a clergyman, the church being the destination of every Christ Hospital graduate. Charles Lamb, the celebrated Elia, also left the school at the same time, and for the same cause. At Christ Hospital Hunt first contracted his love for poetry, which he retained through life, as well as those habits of unworldliness which rendered him so unfortunate, but which added greatly to the fascination he exercised on all who knew him. After Leigh left school, his father made a collection of his verses, and published them by subscription. In his charming, chatty autobiography the poet tells us [illegible] juvenile [illegible] were but trashy [illegible] and [illegible] relates [illegible] their appearance [illegible] had upon him. After [illegible] for a brief period, [illegible] the office of one of his brothers, who was an attorney, and shortly afterwards he held a position in the War Office. All this while he was also engaged in writing for various periodicals, and in preparing theatrical criticisms for a weekly paper called the News, conducted by his brother John. In 1808 the Examiner was started, Leigh and John Hunt being the proprietors, and from its establishment may be dated the commencement of the poet's more important misfortunes. In politics and religion the Examiner was opposed to the Government, advocating the principles of the Reform party and holding to Universalism. The Hunts conducted their paper with marked ability and were highly successful with it. The Government, however, in those days, was not to be opposed with impunity, and thrice did the devoted brothers have to endure ministerial prosecution.

Twice they escaped punishment, but on the occasion of the third offense, the publication of a bitter libel on the Prince Regent, they were fined £500 each, and imprisoned for two years. Leigh endured his captivity as philosophically as possible, and soon converted his prison into a sort of little paradise. He had a small garden connected with his apartment, which he caused to be elegantly arranged. There he read, wrote, and received the visits of such friends as still clung to him. Lamb, Moore, Byron and Hazlitt, were of the number. They were all surprised at the captive's good spirits, and filled with admiration for his prison-paradise. Jeremy Bentham also visited him, and Shelley, afterwards his "friend of friends," wrote him a characteristic letter full of generous sympathy.

After his release, Hunt published "The Descent of Liberty," "The Feast of the Poets," "The Story of Rimini," and "Foliage," the last-named work being a series of poems, original and translated. Subsequently, whilst very intimate with John Keats, he wrote the set of essays forming the "Indicator," which met with great success, and enabled him to discharge some of the pecuniary embarrassments with which he was forever burdened. At this point it may not be out of place to remark that Dickens drew Hunt's portrait in Harold Skimpole, in "Bleak House." In 1825 Hunt went to Italy to establish and bring out a periodical called the Liberal, to be made up of poetry and politics, and to be of radical views. His partners in the enterprise were Byron and Shelley. The Liberal failed, owing to Shelley's sudden and terrible death, and to Byron's becoming frightened and wishing to get clear of it.

Hunt then returned to England, and in 1828 published a book called "Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries," which caused a marked sensation, and gave great offence to some of Byron's friends, who complained of what they styled its unnecessary bitterness. Hunt now settled down in his native country and wrote steadily for the periodicals. In 1840 he composed a play styled "A Legend of Florence," commenced to issue a new periodical named the "Seer," and edited the dramatic works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar. In the latter part of the year 1859, he departed this life at the ripe age of seventy-five. He had outlived the brilliant circle of his early acquaintance—Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, Lamb, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Scott, Jeffrey and Moore all having passed to the grave before him. He died at Putney, and at the time of his death still adhered to the Universalist belief. His writings are deservedly popular, and, although his egotism detracts somewhat from the enjoyment one feels in reading them, they have so much inherent worth that they may be considered as having a permanent hold on the estimation of all who delight in the perusal of English literature.

BACK TO THE POST OF DUTY.

Some shrewd observer once remarked to us that the cold spells of September were undoubtedly intended to remind the people at summer resorts that it was time to return to their homes and attend to business; but whatever may have been the intention, such is surely the effect, for at the first frosty touch the fashionable lady immediately thinks of her pressing duties that call her to the bosom of her family, and pater familias as soon as the initial chill passes through his frame at once recollects he has a great deal to do to prepare for the fall trade. Then sets in the homeward tide, and the smiling Bonifaces of the seaside or mountains relax a little of company behavior and get ready to shut up shop and count the gains or losses of the season. The September cold makes them less polite and much more practical.

But if the premonitory chill, the nipping and eager morning and evening air of early fall give the signal for dullness and desertion to settle down on the resorts that a month before were gay and crowded with pleasure-seekers, they also give the signal for the great cities, that have been so many arid and dusty wastes throughout the summer, to brighten up once more and become on the instant instinct with life and bustle. The cold spells of September start many and many an idle factory into restless motion, and fill the thousand and one shop-windows with new wonders for those whose purses can afford the necessary outlay for their acquisition. The places of winter amusement also awake from their lethargy at the signal, and throw open their doors to the patrons of the drama and the admirers of music.

This season the first important trade revival has been among the book publishers, and the papers of the land are full of announcements of works just issued and works shortly to come. In the fiction line the books already given to the public have, for the most part, been eagerly received, and we hear of sales reaching into the hundreds of thousands of copies. This is an encouraging sign, and betokens an interest in literature of the most healthful nature. This interest should, and no doubt will, extend largely to the story papers of the land, especially to such as are intended for family reading and are rigidly kept up to the highest standard of purity and merit. The story paper is cheap, cheaper than books, and is within reach of all. If well conducted it is a powerful educator. People are beginning to realize this fact, and the words of a full realization of it cannot [illegible] than [illegible] to the community.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

YELLOW JACK has made his appearance in the South early this year, but this time he has spared Savannah, and wreaked his spite upon Fernandina, Florida. Thirty new cases of the fever were reported there at last accounts, and something like a panic had taken place. It is said that half or two-thirds of the inhabitants have fled, and most of the rest are sick—the number prostrated being reported as 110. Three deaths occurred Saturday night, and two of the resident physicians are sick. But the fever yields more readily to treatment than it did in the terrible time last year. Loads of fumigating and disinfecting agents, and some nurses, have been sent from Savannah and Charleston; but more nurses are needed. Florida is as healthy a State, on the whole, as Maryland or Massachusetts. This, we believe, is the first yellow-fever visitation that has ever afflicted Fernandina; and its cause can probably be traced. The town, a very pretty one, with branching live oaks for shade trees, is in the very northeast corner of Florida, and on an island. The harbor is said to be the best one South of Norfolk. Unlike most parts of East Florida, the surface is hilly; and the drainage, as well as the air, should be good. It is a sandy soil, like nine-tenths of Florida, a porous whitey-gray sea sand, unfitted for holding standing water; and such a spot, open to Atlantic breezes, ought to be healthy. As yet we hear of no fever at Jacksonville or Palatka.

HYDROPHOBIA seems to defy the physicians and to be subject to no known rule. To the previously recorded cases in proof of the strange fact that the virus of the bite of a hydrophobic dog does, under certain obscure circumstances, remain inert in the system for two or more years, only to break out in its too well-known and fatally terrible effect at last, we have now to add a case which has just transpired in Providence, R. I. A Mr. James Gold, of that city, has just died of hydrophobia caused by a bite inflicted three years ago, by a Newfoundland dog.

GENERAL HOWARD is enraged at the constitutional wickedness of the Nez Perces. He proposed to bag them, and just as he proceeded to do so they were not where they had been, and Chief Joseph neglected to leave his address. The toils and tribulations of the much-tried Howard are enough to bring tears to the eyes of the wooden Indians that serve as signs for our tobacconists.

RUSSIA does not find Turkey as easy a prey as she imagined. She has not taken Plevna yet, and it begins to look as though there were altogether too much Turkey behind its fortifications to admit of its being gobbled up right away. The successes of the Turks have been heroically earned, and will prolong the war.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, have issued, as the twenty third volume of their seventy-five cent "Sterling Series," "Salathiel," a novel, by Rev. George Croly. It is a story of the past, present and future, and relates graphically the career of the "Wandering Jew." There has appeared from time to time in various parts of the world during the last eighteen centuries, a mysterious individual, known as "Salathiel, the Wandering Jew," the one who was said to have driven our Saviour, while bending beneath the weight of his cross, from his door, for which he was cursed to live forever, to have no peace or rest on earth, and, in consequence, he became a sojourner in all lands, yet a citizen of none; professing the profoundest secrets of opulence, yet generally living in a state of poverty; being conversant with the events of every age, without lineage, or possession, or pursuit on earth—a wanderer and unhappy—bearing the sorrows of centuries on his brow. The romance under review traces this outcast in his wanderings, and is replete with interest. It is bound in paper cover, is octavo size and contains 232 pages of clearly printed reading matter, besides a number of illustrations.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., have also published, as the ninth volume of their attractive "Dollar Series," "Out of the Depths." This novel is a woman's story and a woman's book; it will interest many and terrify some; but it can disgust none, for it is a book written with a tender and delicate hand. It is the old terrible tale of suffering, sin and shame; the old cry of anguish sweeping up from the abysses of human degradation and spiritual death; the old plague-spot laid bare to the eyes of man, to see if perchance there may be wise and clever physicians who can heal it, for throughout the New, and in many parts of the Old Testament runs one clear doctrine, namely, that any sin, however great, being repented and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by man, altogether pardoned, blotted out, and done away with. It is a well-written volume, and contains many powerful scenes, proving that the author is not unacquainted with the phases of life which he has undertaken to describe; and we can conscientiously recommend its careful perusal. "Out of the Depths" is issued in uniform style with the preceding volumes of the series. It is 12mo size, 370 pages, and is elegantly and substantially bound in blue vellum, embossed with original designs in gold and black. At the price of one dollar per copy it is a miracle of cheapness.

We have received from Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, "Famous American Race Horses," a finely gotten up paper-covered volume of 63 pages in quarto form. It is adorned with thirty full page engravings of the celebrities of the American race course, and the letter-press consists of concise but exhaustive accounts of their pedigree and performances. The work will, no doubt, find a ready sale among all lovers of the turf and blooded horses, whilst to the professional sportsman it will prove of more than ordinary value. It is, besides, a most readable book, and its compiler has evidently executed his task con amore, as well as with pronounced ability. The book sells for seventy-five cents per copy.

Some time ago E. Steiger, of New York, published a most important work in the shape of a "Cyclopedia of Education," edited by Henry Kiddle and Alexander J. Schem. This work, which is sold only by subscription, has met with such large success that a new edition has been called for and is now being rapidly and carefully printed. The "Cyclopedia" is a dictionary of information for the use of teachers, school officers, parents, and others, and is a work of immense practical value. It is issued in one large octavo volume of 886 pages, in the styles and at the prices which follow, viz: In cloth, $5; in library leather, $6; in half Turkey morocco, $7; in half Russia, extra gilt, $8; in full morocco, gilt edges, $10; in full Russia, gilt edges, $10.

We have received from Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, "The Age of Anne," by Edward E. Morris, M. A., of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Head Master of the Melbourne Grammar School, Australia. It is a contribution to the "Epochs of Modern History" series, published by this firm, and is accompanied with maps and plans. The reading world has long wanted a full and reliable historical account of the reign of Queen Anne, and hence the present book will be eagerly welcomed, for it is not only copious in its information, but thoroughly impartial in tone, and at the same time more than usually interesting. It is furnished with a copious index and a chronological table of contents. "The Age of Anne" is in one 16mo. volume of 251 pages, and is clearly and handsomely printed on excellent paper. Bound in cloth, it sells for one dollar a copy. For sale by Messrs. Smith, English & Co.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have just published Dr. J. G. Holland's admirable novel, "Nicholas Minturn," which has for some time past been running as a serial in Scribner's Monthly. It is in its famous author's best vein, and the timeliness of its subject cannot fail to render it one of the most popular fictions of the season. "Nicholas Minturn" has a fine plot of great strength and compactness, which is skillfully and artistically unfolded from inception to climax. The characters are drawn firmly and realistically, and seem instinct with ordinary, every-day life. The descriptions are good, and the dialogue terse and pointed, and without the least suspicion of verbosity. To all who read "Nicholas Minturn" we can safely promise a rich literary treat. The work is finely illustrated and is gotten up in handsome style. It is in one 12mo. volume of 418 pages, and is neatly bound in cloth. Price per copy, $1.75. For sale by Messrs. Smith, English & Co.

We have received from Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." This is one of the well-known Francis Parkman's works, and is written with all his characteristic vigor and grace of style. In his preface the author says: "The events recounted in this book group themselves in the main about a single figure, that of Count Frontenac, the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World. From strangely unpromising beginnings, he grew with every emergency, and was equal to every crisis. His whole career was one of conflict, sometimes petty and personal, sometimes of momentous consequence, involving the question of national ascendancy on this continent." Parkman writes history as no other man except Prescott wrote it, and with strict historical truth he ever combines all the fascination of a fictional narrative. The work before us is elegantly printed in large type, and presents a fine, readable appearance. The paper is heavy and excellent. It is substantially bound in cloth, is octavo size, and has 463 pages, including a copious and useful index. For sale in this city by Messrs. Porter & Coates.

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's Magazine, for October, contains 105 beautiful illustrations, and is more than usually attractive. The most important paper is Gen. McClellan's article on the "Regular Army of the United States," advocating its increase, and making suggestions for its more efficient organization. The very able and richly illustrated paper on the "Campaign of Burgoyne," by W. L. Stone, is timely in connection with the celebration at Saratoga. Mr. Benjamin's article, "From Brest to Constantinople," with twenty-one engravings, gives considerable information of an historical character, but is in the main a lively description of scenes connected with the Eastern War. William H. Rideing contributes a very entertaining paper, profusely illustrated, entitled "The Life of a New York Fireman." Horace E. Scudder concludes his admirable and suggestive review of New England classical schools. There are two beautiful illustrated poems: "An Old Umbrella," by C. P. Cranch, and "The Home Concert," by Mary D. Brine. In his vivacious description of "Walrus Hunting," Mr. W. L. Alden writes in his most humorous vein. But the most charming of the illustrated papers is that which opens the number—"Mytown," under which title Rose Terry Cooke describes a characteristic New England town. All but the title is real, and the illustrations, beautiful as they are, are from bona-fide sketches; if we except Mr. Abbey's pictures of Ethan Allen and the "Disgusted Deacon." Dr. J. W. Draper, in his seventh paper on the "Popular Exposition of some Scientific Experiments," treats of burning glasses and mirrors. Blackmore's "Erema" approaches its conclusion. Constance F. Woolson contributes one of her best stories, "Raspberry Island." Mr. Phillips's short story, "On a Melon Schooner," is novel and interesting. The editorial departments cover their respective fields as comprehensively and satisfactorily as usual.

Appletons' Journal, for October, presents a varied list of contents, some of the papers being specially noteworthy. Mr. Charles Carroll's "Good Bohemians" is a fresh and charmingly-written essay, with the object of showing how many of the better characteristics of the Bohemian tribe—its elasticity, wit, imagination, hopefulness, courage—are to be found in some circles everywhere. Another paper in an unusual direction is entitled "With Couture the Painter," and describes a brief sojourn, as pupil, with this famous and eccentric French artist, who lives in primitive simplicity near Paris, and both amuses and delights by his sayings and doings a large circle of eager pupils. That excellent novelette of the Franco-German war, "A Struggle," is completed; and the second installment is given of "By Celia's Arbor," by the authors of "The Golden Butterfly," which promises to be one of the most charming novels of the season. There are many other papers. Julian Hawthorne continues his "Out of London" series; Mr. Austin instructs us in the methods of taming and rearing nightingales and mocking-birds; there is a paper on the "Wise Women of the East," being an account of what some famous women have accomplished; "M. E. W. S." passes "A Night in the Garden" to good and pleasant effect; and, in addition to the usual number of poems, a brace of humorous ones are given under the general title of "The Comic Muse." There is a well-written essay by Edgar Fawcett, on "Poetry as an Art," and a whole group of short stories, Rudolph Lindau, Nora Perry, and Mrs. Barr, being the authors thereof. The "Editor's Table" is more varied and has a lighter touch than usual.

The Popular Science Monthly, for October, opens with an article by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the distinguished German naturalist, on "Bathybius and the Monera," which is highly readable. The second article, by L. R. Curtiss, on "Molecular Magnitudes," is a very interesting paper. Miss Eliza A. Youmans has an illustrated article on the subject of "Optics." The fourth paper is a forcible plea, by Prof. Huxley, in favor of elementary instruction in physiology in our common schools. "Cosmic and Organic Evolution," by Lester F. Ward, is a masterly exposition of the identity of the evolutionary process in the formation of worlds, or the development of an organism. In "Pessimism and its Antidote," Mr. Charles Disbet discourses learnedly. The history of "The Modern Pianoforte," by Mrs. Doe. S. Austen Pearce, traces the development of that instrument from its early forms. In "Snoring, and How to Stop it," the author, Dr. John A. Wyeth, suggests an effectual method for mastering a disagreeable habit. "Mars and its Satellites," by Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, is an account of the growth of our knowledge of the planet, and the particulars of Prof. Hall's discovery of its moons. There is rather a satirical article, by Prof. F. W. Clarke, entitled "Specimens of Educational Literature," in which sundry pretentious schools and colleges are made to cut a very amusing figure. Dr. Joseph R. Buchanan, in "The Psycho-Physiological Sciences," essays a reply to Carpenter's recent work on "Spiritualism." Finally, we have a sketch and portrait of Prof. W. Stanley Jevons, the distinguished English scientist. The departments all maintain their usual high standard of excellence, the Editor's Table being specially interesting.

The first illustrated paper in Lippincott's Magazine for October is on "Chester and the Dee," an attractive subject, few English rivers being more beautiful or famous than the Dee, and no English town so full of quaint and picturesque remains as Chester. "Among the Kabyles," also illustrated, is concluded in this number. Mr. Henry James, Jr., has a sparkling article on "Abbeys and Castles," which is in fact a description of English country life. "The Bass of the Potomac" is a capital fishing sketch by W. Mackay Laffan. Under the title of "Communism in the United States," Austin Bierbower gives an account of the socialistic communities that exist in different parts of the country, all of them, he considers, doomed to early extinction. Mrs. Sarah B. Wister writes of "Alfred de Musset," analyzing his genius, and recounting the sad story of his brilliant but wasted life. A new serial, "For Percival," is begun in this number, starts in an entertaining manner, and will have the additional attraction of illustrations in future installments. Mrs. Davis' novel, "A Law Unto Herself," deepens in interest; and among the short stories, "Little Liny," by Mrs. Sarah Wister Kellogg, deserves notice as a faithful and pathetic picture of negro life. The poems are by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Sidney Lanier and Maurice Egan; and the "Monthly Gossip" embraces "Notes from Moscow," An Account of the Paris Conservatoire," and other interesting matter.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Messrs. S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio, the following pieces of new music: "Toledo Girls' Waltz," pretty and difficult; "Though Rich, I'm No Better Than You," a good song and chorus; "Clover Leaf Mazurka," good, and of moderate difficulty; "Schalmerei [illegible]," a difficult and artistic waltz; "Penny [illegible]," a fine song and chorus; and "Sleep, Put Your Arms Around Me," a song and chorus that ought to become popular.

HOME CULTURE.
XIV.

SELF-TRAINING;
A COMPANION TO THE
"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

The English rule for serving wines is, sherry with soup; sauterne, or hock, with fish; champagne and claret with the roast; punch with turtle; port with venison; Burgundy with game; Madeira with sweets; port with cheese, and port and sherry with dessert. The glasses are removed by the servants when the crumb knife is used; replacing them with Madeira and sherry glasses for the sweets and dessert. Then choose your wine and keep it, never taking but one kind. The butler pours the wines in turn, mentioning the name of each wine, and pouring it immediately, unless signalled not to do so. If he pours more than you wish, you check him by touching your glass. Port, when passed with the cheese, is left on the table with the sherry and Madeira, after the one or the other has been served to all the guests. When the hostess sees that all have finished, she looks at the lady who is sitting on the right of the host, and all the company together return in the order that they are seated without precedence. When not served at the table, coffee is passed in the drawing-room almost immediately. An hour or so later, tea, if not served with the coffee, is passed to those guests who have not already taken their departure. On the arrival of each carriage, a servant enters and announces it in a low tone to the owner. As eating with another under his roof is in all conditions of society regarded as a sign of good will, those who partake of proffered hospitalities only to slander and abuse their host and hostess, should remember that in the opinion of all honorable persons they injure only themselves by doing so. The Count of Monte Cristo makes it a strong point that he has eaten nothing under the roof of those he is plotting against; and this has been the feeling, from the earliest times, of gentlemen and ladies, and has survived in all its force to the present day with the well-trained and the honorable minded. Calls should be made in person shortly after a dinner party by all who have been invited, whether the invitation was accepted or not. Those who are in the habit of giving dinners, though en petit comité, or even only en famille, should return the invitation in the same way, before another dinner invitation is extended. The best society is very severe upon those who do not return their debts of hospitality, if they have the means to do so. If they never entertain anyone, because of limited means, or for other good reasons, it is so understood, and never expected that they should make exceptions; or if they are in the habit of giving other entertainments, and not dinners, their debts of hospitality can be returned by invitations to whatever the entertainment may be. Some are deterred from accepting invitations by the feeling that they cannot return the hospitality in as magnificent a form. It is not the costly preparations, nor the expensive repast offered, which are the most agreeable features of any invitation; it is the kind and friendly feeling that is shown. Those who are not deterred from accepting such invitations for these reasons, and who enjoy the fruits of the friendliness thus shown them, must possess narrow views of their duty, and very little self-respect, if, when an opportunity presents itself in any way to reciprocate this kind feeling shown to them, they fail to avail themselves of it. The judgment of society is equally as hard on such, as was Thackeray upon those who arrive late at a dinner. The mean man, in his estimation, was as snobbish as the ostentatiously profuse one, or as the pretentious one.

Some of the most enjoyable dinners given are those which are the least expensive. We have too many courses, too great a variety of wines, keep our guests too long at the table. The last Napoleon said no man was excusable for keeping his guests over two hours at the table; but how often do we hear the ignorant speaking of the number of hours (sometimes four or five) as the gauge of the success of a dinner. One of the best of American men once called a menu, copied from the dinner of a foreign minister who is still famous for his good dinners (at a certain European Court where no bad dinners are ever heard of) "a starvation menu," rejoicing that he was not one of the invited guests. Another American, who is the very prince of hospitality himself, shook his head and criticised the menu of a dinner served in a royal palace, as having too few courses, too few wines. It is this general feeling that people cannot entertain without committing all sorts of extravagances, which causes many persons in every way well qualified to do incalculable good to exclude themselves from all general society.

The result is that minds which are expanded by culture and experience are frequently shut out from the sphere where their influence is most needed. Mere boys and misses, in certain circles, constitute and control society; and those who strive for a reformation, have in more than one instance been made the victims of the boorishness and the want of cultivation which they condemned; while others, among the better cultivated, who should have stood by them, in behalf of the interests of society, have helped to swell the tide of ridicule that was encountered. In these days, intellect is transferred from the head to the heels, and when we ask what is discussed at parties, the appropriate answers would be, "people dance." This will not be remedied until the silly spirit of rivalry and ostentation is subdued, and people learn that it is possible to receive friends without turning their homes into restaurants. Let those who have the gift of entertaining, by promoting conversation among their guests, and putting them at ease, receive their friends freely, without feeding them. In our large cities, receptions without suppers are well attended. Their great point of advantage has already been shown in a previous chapter. That man is to be pitied who cannot enjoy social intercourse without eating and drinking. The lowest orders, it is true, cannot imagine a cheerful assembly without the attractions of the table, and this reflection alone should induce all who aim at intellectual culture to endeavor to avoid placing the choicest phases of social life on such a basis.

Some of the most charming dinners given are those which are the least expensive. When everything is good in quality, and the dishes are well dressed, served hot and in proper succession, with their adjuncts, and where the guests are congenial, a degree of enjoyment will be insured that no one need be afraid to offer. A spotless tablecloth, thin glass—though neither engraved nor cut, the plainest china—if not cracked or fractured at the edges, is all that is absolutely necessary in the way of table appointments, provided the silver and the cutlery is in equally good condition. Small dinners can always be better served than large ones, and the hostess who has only her own well-trained servants to wait on the table can enjoy the society of her guests, as she is not able to do when the number is so large that waiters must be called in to assist. Some waiting-maids are as thoroughly trained and as expeditious as any butler can be; and it is much better, where two men servants are not kept, to have the waiting-maid assist than to trust a stranger.

The following verses give a clue to the secret of the highest enjoyment of all social gatherings, be they small or large. In this menu for two we see it was the companionship, the sympathy that existed, which secured the enjoyment of the dinner more than the number of courses; and that even a "starvation dinner," (according to American ideas), may be made a feast of love and a flow of soul:

> We dined. A fish from the river beneath,
> A cutlet, a bird from the windy heath
> Where we had wandered, happy and mute;
> It was a silent day with us—
> In the early time it is often thus;
> But my sweet love chatted when came the fruit.
>
> Flavor of sunburnt nectarine,
> And the light that danced thro' a wine-glass thin,
> Filled with juice of the grape of Rhine;
> She talked and laughed ab-ut this and that,
> Easy, exquisite, foolish chat,
> While her pretty, fluttering hand sought mine.
>
> And I thought: Come glory or come distress,
> In this wonderful, weary wilderness,
> This hour is mine till the day of death;
> The fruit, the wine, and my lady fair,
> With a flower of the heath in her dim brown hair,
> And a sigh of love in her fragrant breath.

A more matter of fact menu is the one before referred to, as used at a small dinner given in a royal palace, which is as follows:

MENU I.

Potage Tortue a l'Anglaise—Zeres.
Petits Chartreuses a la Valencienne—Ch. Lafitte.
Darnes de Saumon a la St. Cloud—Ch. D'Yquem.
Quartier de Chevreuil glace a la verin—Champagne.
Cotelettes d'Agneau a la Richelieu—Bourgogne.
Dindonneaux bardes rotis, Garni de Cresson—Steinberger, 1846.
Salade aux truffes a la Eugene—Steinberger, 1846.
Fonds d'Artichauts a la Lyonnaise—Champagne.
Pouding a la d' Albertas—Champagne.

DESSERT.

Compotes assortis et glace—Vieille Madere.
Oranges, Raisin frais et bon-bons, Canaris.

It will be seen that champagne was served with the sweets, as is the continental custom. Biscuit, cheese, coffee and cordials are never placed on foreign menus, but are always served. When the dinner has been a protracted one, coffee and cordials are passed in the drawing-room; but when it has not exceeded the limited two hours it is better to have them passed before leaving the table. Gentlemen do not remain to smoke after the ladies leave; but the host provides cigars in his library, billiard-room, or smoking-room, as he chooses. The menu of the "starvation dinner" was as follows:

MENU II.

Sherry—Consomme a la Royale. Puree a la Reine.
Petites timbales aux champignons.
Hock—Poisson, sauce Hollandaise.
Champagne—Quartiers de chevreuil, sauce poivrade.
Vol-au-vent a la Parisienne.
Cotelettes d'agneau, a la puree de marrons.
Aspic de homards. Terrapin. Sherry.
Punch a la Romaine.
Burgundy—Cailles rotis, salade.
Asperges en branches.
Sherry—Timbale de fruits, a la vanille.
Glaces, dessert, bon-bons.

The custom of passing two kinds of soup, and two kinds of fish, greatly retards the speedy serving of the dinner when the number of guests is large, and it is, therefore, better when only one kind is handed.

Another menu from a dinner given by a Prussian nobleman, whose chef de cuisine and confiseur are almost as renowned (in their line) as is the nobleman himself, in another line, is as follows:

MENU III.

Le consomme Richelieu
Rissoles a la Mongias.
Turbot, sauce aux huitres et homards.
Selle de chevreuil, sauce poivrade et groseille.
Supremes de volailles a la Marechele.
Filets de gelinottes a la perigord.
Chaufroix de foies gras a la gelee.
Sorbets au champagne.
Faisans de Boheme.
Fonds d'artichaux a la Lyonnaise.
Savarin a l'Ananas.
Glaces, fruits, bon-bons.

With this dinner, biscuit and cheese were handed in their course; green peas, delicious cakes and sweets the handiwork of the confiseur; and coffee and cordials. The amount of money expended upon the teaching of cooks and pastry-cooks of wealthy noblemen would astonish many of our gourmets. A lady for whom a dinner was given by a foreign nobleman, asked him where he had found a cook who could prepare and serve up such marvellous dishes, fancying he would say he had brought him from Paris. The answer was that he had taken a peasant woman from one of his own estates, and sent her first to Paris, and then to Berlin, paying large sums for her instruction, and keeping her hand in by sending her from time to time to famous chefs de cuisine.

One more menu: this time of a State dinner, given for a Grand Duchess in Paris:

MENU IV.

Potage Sultane.
Timbales a la Parisienne,
Saumon, Sauce Crevettes,
Filet de Boeuf a la Montmorency,
Supremes de Filets de Volailles aux Truffes,
Cotelette de Chevreuil sauce poivrade,
Pain de Foie gras en Bellevue,
Punch a la Romaine.
Perdreaux et Cailles a la Perigueux,
Salade de Romaine,
Petits pois a la Francaise,
Neapolitain,
Madelaines Glacees.

The compiler must not be held responsible for the omission of the marks of accents, or for any typographical errors that there may be in the French. Bills of fare in English, are much better than those written in French, for this side of the water.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EUROPE.

Thiers, the Distinguished French Statesman and Publicist—Sketch of His Career—The Blacksmith's Son Becomes the Ruler of France, and Foremost Man Amongst Forty Millions of Frenchmen.

No. III.

We concluded last week by stating that genius was not hereditary; and, truly, we have numerous living and dead examples to prove the truth of our assertion, for, in all ages of the world's history, genius has sprung, not from those reared in the "lap of luxury," but from great minds, trained in the school of adversity. Thiers "is" a perfect example in proof of our position, for he was only the son of a blacksmith, born at Marseilles, France, on April 16, 1797. His father had not sufficient means to give him such an education as his talents deserved, but his mother, observing the wonderful precocity of her son, urged some of her friends to interest themselves with the boy's education, and so obtained admission for him to the Imperial Academy of his native city. He had a most powerful memory, and seemed to retain everything he read or studied, and in after life could quote with perfect correctness from the early classic authors he had studied when yet a boy.

HIS INDEPENDENCE

of thought often earned for him the enmity of the college officials, particularly in political matters, but it was this sterling independence of thought and action that influenced all his after life, and enabled him to confront kings with the same spirit as he would have defied the veriest tyrants.

THIERS AS A PUBLICIST.

So great was the enmity of some of his professors that, deeming justice impossible from their hands, in deciding the merits of a prize essay, he had one written by him sent from Paris, and another from his native city. The prize was awarded to the Parisian production, and the second place only to the essay written at home. Our readers can judge of the chagrin of the "just judges" when they discovered that Adolphe Louis Thiers was the writer of both.

At the end of his college career he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He went to Paris, that bete noir for all distressed authors and artists, where the future ruler of France arrived distressed and forlorn, but with that energy that so distinguished his long life, he strove hard in the avenue of politics, and found a very scanty living for a time. It would seem that he had love for the histrionic art, for he joined a company of "strolling players," and had to encounter great privations during his trials with them. Returning to Paris, a kind friend procured him the appointment of collector of "items" for a daily journal. There and then good fortune took him under her protection and never forsook him till his dying day. He became a partner in the journal for which he wrote, and used [illegible] his great power and influence over men and public affairs. His first great work was the [illegible] which [illegible] made his name a [illegible] and then all the "little minds" and great aristocrats fawned upon the man who had been the strolling actor and the embarrassed newspaper writer. The royalists of France were greatly mortified at the opinions promulgated in Thiers' great work, and denounced it in no measured terms, while it had the good effect of putting the Revolution in a new and true light before all lovers of "liberty, equality and fraternity." We venture to assert that few works of such great length and research, have ever attained the popularity in many languages and countries as the historical works of Adolphe Thiers, whilst his writings on political and financial subjects earned for him a world-wide fame. Opposition to the ministry of Charles X, whose policy seemed to be based on the idea that the people constituted a populace to be governed and kept in subjection, was marked with Thiers. "The King reigns, he does not govern," said Thiers, and in this grand cry the liberal journals assailed the ministry with a violence that shook the throne to its foundations.

Thiers had started a new journal, the "National," and it took the lead in this just onslaught. The result of all this was the revolution of 1830. Paris rose in resistance to the government, and the barricades were once more erected in the streets, women, and even boys, aiding the men in their construction.

One hundred thousand of the National Guard fraternized with the people behind the barricades, the loyal troops gave battle, and the streets of Paris were deluged with blood, but the people beat back the King's defenders.

A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

consisting of Lafayette, Lafitte, the banker, Manguin and Thiers was formed. But Thiers feared the result of the revolution and was a great stickler for legality. He, therefore, opposed all violent measures and demanded that only legal proceedings should be adopted. "Legal means have been cut short," said Lafayette, in answer, "only victory can now decide the controversy between the King and the people." Theirs' then withdrew from the government, the revolution went on, the throne of Charles Xth "melted away in blood," Lafayette became temporary ruler of Paris, and

LOUIS PHILLIPPE,

the favorite candidate of Theirs for the throne of St. Louis, became the "Citizen King." Thus we behold Adolphe Theirs, the son of a blacksmith, the poor struggling litterateur, the collector of items for a daily journal, the editor of a powerful paper, and now the most potential voice in elevating the throne of France, a man who undoubtedly possessed great wisdom and finesse, and who for nearly twenty years ruled that most volatile and excitable people, the French, with marvellous success, and with the complete aggrandizement of his family and friends.

Under the new regime Thiers became a Treasury official, and about the same time entered the Chamber of Deputies, and like the great Irish orator, Richard Lalor Sheil, excited only the ridicule of its 600 members by his bombastic style, awkward gestures and dwarfish appearance. Within a very short time, however, he improved by perseverance and close attention so much, as to win the admiration of those who had formerly ridiculed him. He at last became the ablest and most eloquent orator in the Chamber of Deputies, as Sheil, the Irish orator and statesman, did in the House of Commons in London.

In 1832 he was made Minister of the Interior, and soon after Minister of Commerce and Public Works, in which position he displayed extraordinary energy and won for himself great renown. In 1833 another revolution broke out, and Thiers, by his indomitable energy, was mainly instrumental in suppressing it. At this time he was thoroughly Conservative, having no sympathy with the Republicans. He was in every Cabinet framed under Louis Phillippe but one, and in 1836 succeeded to the Premiership. In this most exalted position the Premier displayed his spirit of independence, for the King, declining to support his policy he at once resigned. In 1840, he was appointed Prime Minister of France, but he only remained so for six months, having again to encounter the opposition of the Court party to measures he considered of vital importance to the best interests of France.

THIERS' HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND EMPIRE.

Weary of political life, we find the great man returned to the more congenial pursuits of literature and in 1845 issued his first volume of his patriotic historic work "History of the Consulate and Empire," which was indeed the favorite undertaking of his life.

In this grand tome he depicts with marvellous power the stirring scenes and wondrous events in the career of the greatest captain of his age, the great Napoleon, who was to elevate the French empire to a position of grandeur and influence never attained before, and who was destined to make the mightiest rulers of the world plead for terms at the very gates of their capitols, and withal to die in a barren rock at St. Helena, with a few faithful attendants, and with his most devoted friend, Barry O'Meara, an Irish surgeon in England's service, who has written the life of the great Napoleon in a most interesting manner, being entitled "Napoleon in Exile, or a Voice from St. Helena," being the life of the great General in his own words.

But we must hurry on to our sketch of the great dead statesman Thiers, and we may here state that he proved his nobility of soul and his gratitude to Napoleon by advising Louis Philippe, in 1840, to receive the remains of the dead Emperor in the name of the French people. They were then received from the English government and brought to Paris in great state, and now "rest on the banks of the Seine, amongst the people he so loved." (These are the words inscribed on his tomb in the Invalides where rest the remains of so many of the great soldiers of France.)

Thiers was, however, called away from his congenial studies to once more assume political power and endeavor to strengthen the King's Government, whose race was nearly run.

The statesman essayed to save the King, but in vain, and then to save the monarchy by getting the Chambers to accept the grandson of the King, but all in vain. The monarchy was a ruin, and on its "debris" arose the French Republic, with the nephew of Napoleon as its President. Louis Napoleon was voted for by Thiers, and certainly France has known no such ruler since the death of his great uncle.

It is too soon yet for genuine justice to be done the mighty man who ruled France from '48 to '70, but poor Lamartine, a contemporary of Thiers, has so beautifully written: "Posterity, which is not the vile receptacle of our passions, but a sweet urn in which are enshrined all that is good and great in bygone ages;" that posterity, we believe, will award to Napoleon the Third the first place among the potentates of the earth, as a man who formed a nation, protected and elevated her to the proud position of first amongst the nations of the world, and he as first amongst its rulers.

But we must hasten to the close of our imperfect sketch of Thiers, the statesman, orator, publicist and President, and what a span of events the great man's life has covered! Louis 18; Charles 10; Louis Phillippe; the Republic; the Presidency of Louis Napoleon; the "Coup d' Etat;" the Empire; the Commune; the Legislative Assembly and his own Presidency; Marshal MacMahon and a dawning restoration. Eighty eventful years! What a mighty myriad of events are comprised within this period and how the world has moved onward within that time, is best recorded in the literary labors of Adolphe Thiers. He has played an active and most honorable part in the troubled history of his country, and it will be a difficult task for a Frenchman of this generation to do justice to his mighty efforts for the good of his country, and the sacrifices he made in his closing years for her restoration to peace and tranquillity.

HIS DEATH

has occurred at the very time when France most needs his wise counsel and great experience, and we fear that the political horizon of France to-day is darkened with the latest intelligence that the son of Napoleon the Third is on her borders awaiting the call to summon him to the throne of the Napoleons.

The death of Thiers is a great blow to the Republic of France, coming just now when a general election is to decide the future of that troubled country, and Marshal MacMahon appeals to them as a soldier to uphold France, whilst we believe he is only plotting to restore the Napoleonic dynasty once more, and again elevate France to the exalted position of dictator of Europe.

Sadly will France miss her most worthy son, and whoever is destined to be the biographer of Theirs, will have a duty before him which will task the energies of the most gifted writer and cover a portion of French history the most momentous and eventful to the people of the civilized world.

Thiers rests in his grave at "Pere la Chaise," but the French people will not forget his noble deeds and great sacrifices for their welfare, and, therefore we trust the good lesson taught by his life, will bear fruit worthy of him, and that they will exhibit in this momentous crisis of their history, qualities as a people, which will command the respect of surrounding nations, and make the spirit of Thiers happy in the mansions of the blessed, where we hope he has found a fitting reward in a crown of immortal glory.

Mr. Bret Harte is reported to have said on coming from California, that one of his chief motives was to make the "acquaintance" of the "Aunt Jane" of "Maltoine"—that is to say, Mrs. Mary Chessing Higginson. He afterward said that he found the original superior to the copy. Mrs. Higginson was a grand-daughter of the [illegible] and [illegible] Barbara Higginson described in Thackeray's [illegible]

LANDSCAPE MEMORIES.

An Autumn Boy in the Country

BY S. WEATHERBEE HARKINS.

The sun here risen'd in hair and shaw,
The transition here blended the red clay,
And here the golden and green of the hay,
The bright-eyed pheasants wonky draw;
But the grand glory
Is the land down yonder,
At black cold wonder comes to wish the thaw.

Leaves are turning to red and brown,
And the full, clear stream comes merrily down;
The rosy cheer hogs where the spiller grow,
And a faint sound comes of the distant town,
With a ring of bells
That fails and swells,
As on the grass the tired flocks down.

Apples are ripe on the other coast;
Weeds are gay in their Autumn dress;
Red and gold, all strong and bold,
Earth paints herself, with no disguise
Because of her age—
Ah, no!
To the last, and die in her royal dress.

O, but the green it cool and sweet
Under the trend of our naked feet!
And the water is cool in each broad pool,
And little brooks come up to meet
Each strong little limb,
As we wade and swim,
Or lie on the margin and dabble our feet.

And blue kingfishers dart and shoot
Down by the stream where the alders root;
With a chirrup of fear the heron's blue,
And a thought of innocent joy to boot—
O, just a day
Let us rest and play,
And remember the child, and forget the brute!

Ay, in this Autumn afternoon,
When the time draws on to the hunter's moon,
Let us forget, as the children do,
Trouble will come again over soon!
Such holiday hours
Be lull'd to rest
By rustle and ripple and cushat's croon.

FALSE TO HIMSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY," "HER OWN FAULT," "KATHERINE'S MISTAKE," "HOW NELLIE LOST HER CHANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A dull January afternoon, leaden-skied, a biting blast breathing down from low lines of snowy hills. A lonely unsheltered building, half manor and half farmhouse, standing on the slope of one of these hills, eastward, all its windows glittering red by the feathery snow—before it, a white expanse of lawn with a few garden-beds defined by uneven hummocks, or a ragged bushy standing like a ghost in its shapeless drapery; behind it, a crowd of stacks iced like Twelfth-cakes, and a farmyard crossed by manifold muddy tracks from stable to barn, from cow-house to chicken-coop, from pump to dairy. No snow lies on every roof but a dazzling slope, the top of the old paling weare an ermine border, the old tub under the frozen spout is filled to overflowing, up against the frost those long lines of bulging, latticed bay-window sills are softly cushioned, the snow covering half the lower panes.

It is a cold little Winter picture, sketched in gray and white, with no beauty whatever about it save the strange, silent beauty of the snow. But, pretty or ugly, there is no one to admire it, unless it is Katie Sheppard; and she appears to have something else to do this afternoon. She comes round the corner of the house, wrapped in her old red cloak, and sets off running down the path, leaving a deep track of her small footprints behind her on the snow.

She runs very fast, with her head bent, looking neither to right nor to left. She is a child of perhaps eight years, with a white, insignificant little face, and short, straight hair escaping from her well-worn black silk hood—light brown hair with a tinge of childish gold in it.

She knows where she is going, evidently, for she never hesitates for a moment when she comes to the gate at the end of the lawn, though she finds it locked. She is up and over it in an instant, and running through the plantation of young oaks and Scotch firs beyond. Here the snow is not so deep, because of the shelter, and dead twigs and withered fern show through it in places, blackened and damp. The path descends gradually till it comes out in a kind of grove of willows and broom, and is lost, beyond this, in a wilderness of stiff grass and tall frozen reeds, the border of a great sheet of less gray ice.

Here Katie comes to a standstill, her fast sinking among the brittle frozen leaves and the snow, and stares at the ice, at the rafter at the lines that cross and recross it in all directions. Then she raises her shrill young voice and cries:

"Blondel! Blondel Haydon!"

A boy's voice shouts in answer, and the sower comes skimming round some outlying bushes, with the unmistakable clinking ring of skates.

"Oh, Blondel, I was afraid I should find you here!" the girl cries, clasping her hands together.

"What's brought you here?" the boy asks brusquely.

"Uncle has just come back, and if he finds out where you are he'll kill you!"

"He'll not catch me first," Blondel says, carelessly.

"But he told you not to go on the ice, Blondel!"

"He told me he had rather I didn't. But, as I had rather I did, why, here I am!"—and Blondel takes another flight over the ice, his hands in his pockets, and a white muffler—Katie's handiwork—round his throat.

The girl watches him, with a strange mixture of admiration and apprehension in her eyes, standing shivering, with her small face more wrapped in her cloak than ever. Blondel, bold-eyed boy, dark as a Spaniard, with splendid long eyelashes, a beautiful mouth, and dark hair curling over his forehead. He looks about ten years old.

"Oh, do come home, Blondel," Katie pleads at last, apprehension getting supermost in her mind again. "Dinner will be ready—Sally was laying the table cloth when I came out—and you know uncle is always angry when you are late for dinner."

"I don't care about dinner. What on earth put it into your head to come after me here?"

"I missed your skates, and I was afraid uncle would miss you too."

"Did you do that Latin for me?" he asks, pausing for a moment and looking down at the frowning Katie with rather a bullying aspect.

"I did. But I hadn't time to work out the sums. Aunt Eliza was not so well to-day, and I had a lot of things to do. Besides, you know this is Saturday, and I had your socks to mend."

"You ought to be working them out then, instead of worrying down here. Cut home now and me about them, and mind you don't scamp any of them, or I'll scamp you!"—and, with this vaguely terrible threat, Blondel is away again. He is pleasantly aware with excitement, but Katie is shivering with cold, yet she will not go back.

"Dear Blondel, I can't go home without you. Uncle will be sure to ask me where you are, and if he asks me I must tell him."

"If you had saved yourself the trouble of coming after me, you could have said you didn't know," Blondel remarks, unfeelingly.

"Oh, do come, Blondel!" she murmurs again.

"Rather take you, you little cat!" she boy exclaims; but after one or two further excursions he unbuckles his skates, flings them over his shoulder, and sets out deliberately homewards.

Katie follows him, glad to have gained his point shortly (as). Blondel never addresses her all the way up to the house, never turns to see

did her ever the pain, never even turns his head to see whether she crosses it or not.

The sun has not beyond the long, low line of snowy hills, and it is freezing hard. Katie is paler than ever from this intense cold, but she makes no complaint, only following her companion patiently, trying to plant her own small feet in his footprints. They do not go up to the front door, but round the corner of the house to the yard. Here Blondel hands his skates to Katie.

"Put them in my room. I'm going to get my dinner from Sally."

The child takes them obediently, and goes into the house. A narrow passage leads through the house to the front door. In the passage she meets Mr. Haydon.

"Where were you at dinner-time?" he asks, roughly.

"I was out, uncle William."

"Then you had no business to be out. Where is Blondel?"

"He has just come in."

She tries to slip by him in the dusk, but he seizes her arm and shakes her, and is so doing discovers the skates.

"What's these on the other corner?

Whose are gay in their Autumn dress;
Red and gold, all strong and bold,
Earth paints herself, with no disguise
Because of her age—
Ah, no!
To the last, and die in her royal dress.

O, but the green it cool and sweet
Under the tread of our naked feet!
And the water is cool in each broad pool,
And little brooks come up to meet
Each strong little limb,
As we wade and swim,
Or lie on the margin and dabble our feet.

And blue kingfishers dart and shoot
Down by the stream where the alders root;
With a chirrup of fear the heron's blue,
And a thought of innocent joy to boot—
O, just a day
Let us rest and play,
And remember the child, and forget the brute!

Ay, in this Autumn afternoon,
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Let us forget, as the children do,
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[illegible]

[illegible]

—Harper's Weekly.

Enid's Secret.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "[illegible]," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

The season was over. London had been left to everybody who was anybody at all, at least so aunt Katherine told me [illegible], for we still lingered in town by my [illegible] to comprehend.

"And the heat is simply unbearable. I was almost suffocated out driving this morning, and really, Enid, when we can go to Dene I cannot see why we should not go to Dene at once."

"A few days can't make such a difference, aunt," I pleaded. "Do stay just a little longer. The Stormonts and Riverses and lots of other people are still in London."

I was in a state of anxiety to remain little dreamt of by my aunt, for I had heard news of Champney—news that had caused the very pulses of my heart almost to cease beating, and then to throb so wildly as almost to suffocate me.

I had been sitting very listlessly in the morning room with my aunt when our letters were brought in, some ten days after Lady Derwent's ball. Mine were principally invitations, which I threw aside, having fully made up my mind to decline further festivities for the present at all events. Aunt Katherine's were lengthy epistles; but I was seldom interested in her correspondence. This particular morning I heard her utter an exclamation [illegible].

"One never ought to believe anything till it has taken place. Just fancy, Enid!" addressing me. "Here is a letter from [illegible] Lady Venetia Vipont, with whom he is staying at present, and she says he is terribly annoyed at the report having been circulated."

At first the relief was so intense that I could not realise the news, and, happily for me, my aunt was too intent upon her letters to observe the effect her information had upon me.

"May I read her letter?" I asked, presently.

"Wait one minute," answered my aunt. "I have a few lines from Geraldine Sefton here, wanting us to choose some wedding-finery for her—bonnets at Brandon's, shawls at Thierry's [illegible]."

"I'll help you, aunt," cried I, with the amiable alacrity born of renewed hope and happiness. "Show me Lady Venetia's letter." [illegible]

"I want you to read it aloud to me; she writes such a queer hand, I never can make out half what is in her letters."

For an instant a pang shot through me lest the indistinct caligraphy might have caused aunt Katherine to be in error as to the tidings it conveyed. However, my eyes were keener to decipher it, though I read it slowly aloud. This was what she said:

"MY DEAR MRS. [illegible]—We hope to have a large party here for the 12th of August, and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] marvelled at my indifference to my own beautiful country home; but I had always been such an odd child—always—she had never been able to make me out quite.

But the days wore on—but searching days they were—and, although we still lingered, no sign came from Mostyn, though I gazed blankly out of the windows and kept up a perpetual latent look-out for the well-known figure when we drove out. I grew nervous at the slightest sound, fancying, if the door opened, that it was to admit him, or that the double knock which caused me to start so painfully heralded his coming. I was waiting for a shadow, poor fool!—what a shadow even, I almost smiled to think when I found he had been in London and never came near us.

"Oh, fool, fool," I said, "when am I to learn wisdom? Oh, what blind thing I am!" And then I fell to reproaching myself for my selfishness in having kept aunt Katherine in London at all, and hurried her with penitent haste to Dene—Dene, that was so fair a home, so rich an inheritance—Dene, where I reigned like a sovereign in the hearts of her subjects—Dene, where all seemed bent on making me happy, and yet where I felt more than ever the loneliness and real isolation of my lot.

We had visitors in due time, for we were seldom long alone—aunt Katherine and I—so I could not give myself up entirely to regrets and repinings. I had to exert myself as hostess in my own home, though I fear that the hardest share of entertaining our friends fell upon my aunt. And then August came, and the time arrived to go to the Viponts—a change I hailed with immense pleasure, though I knew no one I cared for was to be there; still I might hear something of "him," for I was a fool still—so I told myself.

Bramley Hall was not to be compared, in point of beauty, with Dene; nevertheless I liked the massive look of the great square house, with its deeply-mullioned windows and great church-like entrance. The bright flower-garden under the open drawing-room windows [illegible] color that was wanted, whilst the great park swept away in undulating luxuriance. As we drove up the avenue [illegible], and I could not help feeling strangely sad when I remembered my last visit there—years before—when I had arrived [illegible] Arbelle.

It seemed like a dream to me when we alighted and were received by Lady Venetia, looking just as smiling and as gay as she had looked then, as though no change had come to her [illegible] sorrows out of sight.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "I feared all my party intended to fail me at the last moment. The Templemores and the Lovats have both sent to say they can't come, owing to the death of some tiresome old aunt, so we shall be badly off for ladies. Enid, you must do duty for several. I meant to have had quite a large party."

"I think smaller parties are generally more sociable," I remarked, as we sipped our afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

"Oh, well, I don't agree with you, Enid," observed my aunt. "If you have a large party they generally amuse themselves very pleasantly; but a small party is apt to be rather 'heavy on hand.' I was quite worn out when the Traverses and the Hildyards were staying with us lately. Mrs. Travers did not approve of Mrs. Hildyard, and Mrs. Hildyard was always hitting at Mrs. Travers indirectly. Don't you remember, Enid?"

"Yes, they did not get on well, but that need not always be the case."

"I have been so terribly upset for the last two or three days," observed Lady Venetia. "I believe I ought to mention it, but neither of you will allow it to go any further than yourselves if I tell you what it is?"

"Oh, no, certainly not," promised my aunt, whilst I remained silent, not expecting any very startling tidings, as Lady Venetia often indulged in small confidences of no great importance.

"Well, it is about my cousin Mostyn"—here I began to listen intently—"he really is only my second cousin, though I have been hitherto on very friendly terms with him," explained her ladyship; "but such an awkward affair has happened—a most painful thing for us all, and especially dreadful for him. An heir has suddenly turned up to the earldom, who claims both the title and the estates!"

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed aunt Katherine. "What an awful thing! What is he going to do?"

"Oh, Mr. Vipont advised him to fight it out to the last! But Mostyn is a very peculiar man. He says, if he hears the claim is a true one, he will give up everything at once."

"How ridiculous!" observed my aunt. "What utter folly! He should get the very best legal assistance, and very likely he will find some flaw in the claim. Possession is nine-tenths of the law!"

"That is just what we argued," exclaimed Lady Venetia, "but no one need ever attempt to convince Mostyn, when once he has made up his mind. You remember it was his cousin whom he succeeded, and his cousin, it seems, contracted a marriage with an Italian girl, who, after this lapse of years, suddenly turns up with a boy whom she declares is the rightful earl. If I had been Mostyn, I would simply have given her a couple of thousands, and told her to hold her tongue," concluded Lady Venetia cheerfully.

"As if he could do such a dishonorable thing!" burst from my lips irresistibly, causing my companions to gaze at me with amazement.

Lady Venetia laughed pleasantly at my vehemence, but aunt Katherine murmured something about "forgetting" myself and childish nonsense.

"And what does he mean to do?" asked the latter presently. "If this brat is the heir, Mostyn will be ruined."

"Oh, completely!" agreed Lady Venetia, pouring herself out another cup of tea, and looking most pleased and placid at the prospect. "He won't have a shilling. [illegible]"

"What a mercy it was poor Arbelle never lived to share such a fate," observed aunt Katherine; "really, no one can feel safe nowadays—one never knows what claimant is going to turn up."

"No, indeed," replied Lady Venetia; "but do not allow this scandal to go beyond you. [illegible]"

"Of course," naturally assented my aunt, and the subject dropped.

Shortly afterwards the arrival of other guests caused Lady Venetia to leave us, and, to my great thankfulness, I soon made my escape from the drawing-room, and sought the solitude of my own room, where I could brood over the misfortune that had overtaken Mostyn.

I knew him too well to imagine he would take advantage of any possible irregularity in the marriage of the Italian girl [illegible]

[illegible]

"When did he first hear of it?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"I hardly know," she replied; "I fancy it was when you were in town. I know it came upon him like a thunderbolt, so it has upon us all. [illegible]"

"I suppose it was this unfortunate cloud that caused him to break off his engagement with Lady Juliette," observed my aunt; "it was quite proper to refrain from dragging her into such a mess."

"No," replied Lady Venetia very decidedly—"and how I blamed her for it! Mostyn never was deeply engaged to her [illegible]. I know he met the Cornwallises abroad, and I dare say they wished it to end in a marriage, then, but Mostyn gave them no grounds for anticipating such a thing."

"I thought he would never get over Arbelle's death," remarked aunt Katherine; "he was so devotedly attached to her."

"Yes," returned Lady Venetia, "his feelings are not on the surface. What he feels he feels deeply, I should think."

Nothing further transpired during our visit to Bramley relative to Lord Mostyn's affairs, so I hailed the day of our departure with both pleasure and relief. It mattered little to me that our homeward journey was embittered by what I suppose were really well-meant remonstrances from my aunt on the subject of my behavior whilst we had been with the Viponts.

"I cannot think what has altered you, Enid. Every one remarked how changed you were—so distrait and absent, just as if you had something on your mind. I really felt quite nervous about you. Are you not well, Enid?"

This latter inquiry, kindly spoken, was too much for me. I burst into tears, to the consternation of poor aunt Katherine, who was too glad to see me regain my composure to venture any further references to my state of mind.

And, as a lovely cloudless evening was merging into a deeper darkness, we reached Dene at last, where rest, at least, I hoped awaited me.

CHAPTER IX.

My bed-room at Dene was neither the largest nor the loftiest in the house; in fact, it was rather small, and, though furnished with all that could contribute to comfort and elegance, it had never, according to my aunt's opinion, been quite the room for the mistress of the mansion.

But it faced the south, and from its balconied windows I could see the distant Solent; nearer my eyes rested upon the wooded beauties of our own domain, whilst beneath were the gayest parterres of flowers, the fragrance of which was wafted in a thousand sweet scents.

To enter my bed-room it was necessary to pass through a passage, and then into a dressing-room, which adjoined my room. Beyond the passage was my maid's room; after that came the great corridor, with the suite of rooms usually occupied by visitors. When we were alone at Dene I was consequently rather shut off from the rest of the household, but, as nervousness was not one of my failings, I never dreamt of disliking the arrangement; on the contrary, I was rather pleased to be able to retire to my pretty little room, where I could muse upon my woes. I, whom so many envied, was as wretched as if I had had no blessings on earth, instead of being thankful, as I ought, that so many had been showered upon me.

We were not long alone after we left Viponts—somehow Dene was seldom quite free from visitors [illegible], and the Autumn [illegible] until Christmas approached, when we made up our minds to have a small [illegible] to honor the festive season.

And all these months I had heard nothing of Lord Mostyn, though I hungered for news of him [illegible]. I had occasionally heard his name casually mentioned, but I dreaded asking even my aunt about him [illegible]

Even at Tenby in those days long gone by I had been "a lovely charming child" to him. That was all. Now did I think it would be possible for him, beggared and deposed from his position, to dream of rich Enid Vandeleur? [illegible]

But even as I was mourning in secret over these thoughts a change was coming. Far away on the horizon a cloud was floating into view; it was no bigger than a man's hand as yet, so whether it was a gloomy or a golden gladsome shower that it held in its depths none could tell.

One dull dreary morning in December, when snow was struggling with sleet, and a misty dampness was over all the earth, I looked out of my balconied bed-room window down the [illegible] of chestnuts so bare and so black-looking, and I saw coming rapidly up the approach one of the grooms bearing the letter-bag, which was left at the lodge by the postman.

The letters seldom interested me much. Why should they? Nevertheless, I said half involuntarily to Manton, who was with me at the time:

"There is David bringing up the letters. One would imagine there was something very important, he is coming at such a pace."

"Perhaps there is, miss," remarked Manton. [illegible]

Then she finished smoothing out the [illegible] of my dark blue velvet dress, and I went down to breakfast [illegible]

[illegible]

"I know I am disgracefully late," she said, "and I must apologize to everybody, but [illegible] it required some resolution to get up at all."

"I quite agree with you," rejoined Mrs. Trevelyan, a pretty little woman, who suffered intensely from cold. [illegible] "Arthur has no sympathy for my shiverings. He doesn't know what it is to suffer from cold."

"Nor does Enid," returned my aunt. "Oh," very suddenly—"here are my letters! Might I just look at this one? I see it is from Lord Mostyn."

Permission being accorded, aunt Katherine broke the seal, and very attentively perused the contents before conveying them to any one.

I felt my face beginning to flush. [illegible]

"I am so glad," she said at last. "Lord Mostyn writes to tell me his troubles are over, as regards the claimant. The whole story turned out to be a most plausible fabrication."

"What story?" queried Mrs. Trevelyan.

"A claimant to his title and estates," explained my aunt. "He succeeded to them only some few years ago, and you may imagine his horror to find, after three years had elapsed, that a wife and child, claiming to be the late Lord Mostyn's, had turned up. It seems from his letter that his cousin undoubtedly did marry an Italian, and there was a child; but both mother and child died previously to Lord Mostyn's inheriting. The claim was raised by a sister of the dead wife's, at the instigation of her father, who hoped, no doubt, to see her and her child established in Mostyn's inheritance. It has, however, been entirely cleared up, and Lord Mostyn writes to tell me of it, knowing how much interested we have always been in him. You know he ought to have been Enid's brother?"

"How fortunate for him that he could prove his rights! I can't fancy anything more dreadful than to lose an inheritance in such a way," said Mrs. Trevelyan, shivering and drawing her shawl more closely around her. "Poor Lord Mostyn, what a fright he must have been in!"

"I should think so," agreed my aunt. And then the conversation became general, including every one except myself.

I sat very silently behind the silver tea-urn, feeling much as I had felt on the night I came from Lady Derwent's ball—full of a great longing to be alone and to kneel down and pour out my thanksgivings for Champney's sake. "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" I said silently to myself. I was so grateful to Providence for this mercy to Champney. Now I knew there would be no going to America, no giving up of his prosperity here. I had not been allowed to share his sorrow, neither could I share in his joy outwardly; but inwardly I was rejoicing with him, even as I had wept with him.

It mattered little to me that I was nothing to him, now that I knew he was safe. I did not dare to ask to see the letter whilst curious eyes were on me. Afterwards I did read it, and when I had done so aunt Katherine proposed, in the most innocent and natural manner imaginable, that he should be invited to join our Christmas party. "It would be so nice to have him—you know, he is an immense acquisition, Enid," she urged, as if thinking from my silence that I was questioning the point of his being welcomed at Dene.

"Do just as you please, aunt," I returned; "if you like to ask him, we have a room for him. But I dare say he won't come."

"I think he will," responded my aunt.

Could it be true, I asked myself that afternoon, as I watched happy aunt Katherine sitting writing to Champney Mostyn, that in ten days he might be under the same roof with me? [illegible] This was the fourteenth of December. Aunt Katherine asked him for the twenty-fourth. If he declined—I was almost prepared for that; if he accepted, he would not only be under the same roof with me, but under my own roof, my own guest. It seemed too blissful to be dreamed of.

On the sixteenth aunt Katherine should receive an answer, if he replied by return of post, which I fancied he was pretty certain to do, as he had written to her from London, and, from his letter, we gathered that he intended to remain there for some little time.

I was in a state of suppressed excitement all through the following day, and at night my feelings were so intensely strong that I found it impossible to sleep. I [illegible] hours striking from the great stable clock—one, two, three, four, five. And still I lay wide eyed and wakeful, counting the minutes almost until the post should come. At last, when morning was dawning, I fell asleep from sheer weariness, waking only when called by my maid, out of a sound and dreamless slumber, which, however, had failed, after my vigil, to refresh me.

Champney's letter was, as I thought, [illegible], and I descended with a feeling of confidence which one glance toward the rack dispelled—he had not written after all.

I turned away sick at heart; the disappointment was so bitter to me that I felt I could scarcely rally myself into the calm composure necessary for me to assume. [illegible] He would have been only courteous to aunt Katherine; he ought to have sent even one line, if it had been merely to express the regret he did not feel. And yet there was a chance still—he might have posted his reply too late for the early post—a thousand soothing contingencies occurred to me when my transient indignation had subsided. And so as the day dragged wearily on, my spirits insensibly revived with the approach of another post; but I had more than one weary day to bear still, for even on the third, the eighteenth of December, Lord Mostyn had not written, and aunt Katherine herself, remembering suddenly her unnoticed invitation, began to wonder at his silence.

CHAPTER X.

The nineteenth came, and the twentieth; on that day several Christmas guests arrived. On the twenty-first, when hope had died within me, [illegible]. At last the letter had come. It was only half a dozen lines dated from Lord Lincoln's, where he had been staying [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] For a time, at least, I was to be happy. Why need I anticipate his departure?

There was to be a dance at Dene on the twenty-sixth, and on the twenty-eighth the Duke of Sefton, one of our nearest neighbors, intended giving an entertainment on a very [illegible] scale, to which, with our own party, we were invited. [illegible]

My dress had of late not occupied my mind much, and I had been well pleased to leave the arrangement of it principally to my aunt and Manton; but now it was different. I wanted to look well, [illegible] of the purest white, simple and snowy [illegible]; whilst for the Duke's ball something [illegible] was necessary.

At last the twenty-fourth dawned, clear and cold. The earth was held in the iron grasp of a black frost, and the lake at Dene was covered with so thick a sheet of ice that the Lacys, Maud and Ethel, who were staying with us, proposed to go down to skate, which they did, accompanied by Captain Dorrien, Mr. Templeton, Major Ellis, [illegible] Ellis accompanying them, a "very youthful chaperon of one-and-twenty." They all begged me very hard to go with them, but, as we expected Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, their daughters and Lord Mostyn, I [illegible] declared that I could not possibly be out of the way when they arrived. So the skating party trooped off after luncheon, and I sat in the drawing-room conversing with old Lady Batesby, who was too old to go skating, but not, by any means, too old to enjoy a little gossip [illegible]

"They are late," observed my aunt, looking at the clock; "the train is due at half-past four, and it is now a quarter-past five—it is about a mile to drive from the station."

"Oh, trains are always late about this time!" said Lady Batesby. "I remember a Christmas about forty years ago, when we were going to stay with the Marquis of Queenstown's, we posted two hundred miles, and we arrived two days late, having been snowed up at a wretched little village for twelve hours, waiting for fresh horses to draw our coach through the snow. I don't pity people nowadays if they are a little behind time in a comfortable carriage with a hot-water tin to warm them."

Suddenly we heard sounds, and the great hall door opened and shut with a loud bang, and voices were audible coming up the vestibule. It was the skaters who had come home [illegible] too dark to skate any longer.

"We have had such a delightful day," exclaimed Maud Lacy, coming in, closely attended by Captain Dorrien, a good-looking Guardsman, who had evidently most thoroughly appreciated it as well.

"Oh, delightful," echoed Mrs. Ellis—"but it's so cold, Enid! I lost one of my skates, so I had to be satisfied looking on just at the last [illegible]"

[illegible]

The lamps had not been brought in, but it was partially lighted by those in the adjoining room, as well as by the blazing fire, which shed a most pleasant glow over everything. And it was when I was pouring out tea that our guests came—the Lucases and last, not least, Champney, Lord Mostyn.

I saw aunt Katherine advance to meet them, as I was occupied for the moment, then I greeted and welcomed them, turning as if in a dream towards where he stood. We shook hands, and then every one else claimed my attention, and Maud Lacy took my place at the tea-table, leaving me to do my duty elsewhere as hostess.

Though I never actually looked at him, I was aware of every movement made by Lord Mostyn. [illegible] Captain Dorrien [illegible] Maud's [illegible] conversation with the new arrival. It was she who [illegible] told him of the charming day upon the ice [illegible]

Did Lord Mostyn skate? He would promise to skate to-morrow, and, if it would only snow heavily, it would be delightful to have a sleighing [illegible]. Of course Lord Mostyn knew all about sleighing, for he had been in Canada, hadn't he? [illegible] It was so funny, and Maud laughed musically and looked so bewitchingly at Champney.

[illegible]

Lord Mostyn hardly spoke to me all the evening, and I, with the strange perversity of a woman, replied to him coldly when he did address me. [illegible]

[illegible]

Accompanied by the Lucases, Mrs. Ellis and Ethel Lacy, I [illegible] church [illegible], returning home to find that Champney and some of the others, Maud amongst them, had started for the lake; so it was evening ere I saw him again. [illegible]

[illegible]

"May I have a dance?" asked the voice that thrilled me so strangely. "Can you spare me one, Miss Vandeleur?"

"Miss Vandeleur!" echoed my empty heart. [illegible]

"With pleasure," I returned coldly [illegible]

"Then I am honored," he replied [illegible], and I turned away to dance with the Marquis of Treborne, the son and heir of the Duke of Sefton, from whose ducal conservatories I had on that evening received a magnificent bouquet.

Lord Treborne had been of late more assiduous in his manner than I cared for. I knew report had coupled our names, so I had received the bouquet with anything but pleasure, dreading that a more open avowal of his wishes might follow. "Oh, why was it," I thought bitterly, as Lord Treborne's arm encircled my waist, and we whirled in amongst the dancers, "that so many wished to love me, and the only man I could ever love held aloof from me, and called me 'Miss Vandeleur'?"

He was dancing with Maud Lacy. In the midst of the dancers I never [illegible], lost sight of that couple—he, so noble, so distinguished-looking, with his dark, grave eyes bent on his gay, pretty partner, who seemed resolved to enjoy herself to the utmost with him. Once or twice I fancied he cast a fleeting look toward me, and, dreading he should suspect I was grieving or pining for him, I exerted myself bravely, and smiled upon Lord Treborne, even as Maud was smiling upon Champney.

CHAPTER XI, AND LAST.

My favorite "Soldatenlieder" sounded gaily through the ball-room, and hardly had its strains begun ere Champney Mostyn claimed his dance.

"This is mine," he said, quietly, taking his place by my side.

"Is it," I answered, carelessly. "Oh, yes, I think it is."

"You had almost forgotten?" queried Champney.

"I knew you had asked me for one dance," replied I, evasively; and I turned my face away lest he should read the anguish I had in my eyes, for he had not again [illegible], having danced three times already with Maud Lacy, whose triumph was evident to me.

I saw Captain Dorrien was well-nigh desperate, and, as a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, I pitied him, though I despised him for so palpably wearing his heart upon his sleeve. No one should say I was wearing the willow—least of all should Lord Mostyn guess it; so I rallied myself with somewhat of a Spartan's courage, and let my pain lie silent in my heart.

"Those are lovely flowers," said Mostyn, looking at my bouquet. "They were sent to you, were they not?"

"If you know it, why do you ask?" answered I, sharply. "Who told you they were sent to me?"

"A little bird," replied Lord Mostyn—"a bird who told me no more than that."

"Really—a most communicative magpie," I remarked. "What did it tell you? But I am not curious," I added, quickly.

"I should like to send you a bouquet for the Seftons' ball. Would you care for one? I remember you always liked flowers."

"Don't trouble, please," I said, with a sudden thrill of pleasure at the idea.

"How could it be a trouble?" replied Champney, taking my bouquet from me as he spoke. "I am going away to-morrow, so I can order a regal one for you from Lazarus."

I was stunned just for one moment, but, rallying myself, I said very steadily:

"No, thank you, Lord Mostyn, I should not care for a bouquet."

"I thought I had been forestalled, Enid," he said in a low voice; and I trembled when I saw the look in his eyes.

Just at that moment Maud Lacy came up to where we sat, and in her pretty bantering fashion began to reproach Champney for having "thrown her over."

"Oh, you needn't deny it!" she said. "This is No. 14—a galop—and you asked me to keep it for you. No. 13 is a valse, and it has been over for at least ten minutes."

"Better late than never then, Maud," I observed, rising and relinquishing Champney's society instantly. "Mr. Annesley, I dare say, will help me to find my aunt;" and taking Maud's late partner's arm I walked away, leaving them together, the last thing I heard being Maud's silvery laugh.

What an evening of mortification it was to me! But at last it ended, and I retired to the grateful solitude of my own room—the balcony chamber—where, shut in from all, I relieved my over-strained feelings by a burst of tears.

[illegible]

"Why did you come?" I whispered.

"To save you or die with you," said Champney [illegible].

"To die with me!" I repeated. "Then, death has no terrors for me, Champney. Why should I fear to die, dying with you?"

[illegible]

"Live for me, then, my little Enid. Be brave and obedient."

I knew now that he loved me [illegible]

"Now, Enid, now, my darling!" [illegible]

"And leave you?" I cried. "Never. You cannot save yourself, let me die with you."

"Enid, I ask you," he said, in a strange, choking voice—"I entreat you, I command you!"

"Never!" I answered, and then came a shriek of agony from some one below [illegible]

"Ladders!" shouted Champney. [illegible]

[illegible]

Ah, who talks of happy endings? [illegible] For my doubts were all ended, my secret was a secret no longer—I was loved, [illegible] even as I loved. And aunt Katherine was surprised [illegible] she had thought I might have been a duchess—which you know you might have been."

"Hush," cried I, "if I refused a duke, it was to wait for a king!" And then I blushed dreadfully at my own boldness [illegible]

The fire, which had originated in the drawing-room, owing to a beam having become ignited and smouldered for some time, fortunately did no more damage than utterly to destroy my apartment, the rest of the house escaping. And it was only afterwards that I heard how we had escaped, and how Champney [illegible] remembered a leaden pipe that ran down by the side of the balconied window. Thanks to his determination and bravery, he managed to hold on by it, and so slip downwards until he gained the window. I shuddered when I saw the awful risk he had run.

"It has been the most marvellously exciting time I have ever experienced," said Maud Lacy to me on the night of the Seftons' ball, "between entertainments and engagements, and escapes."

For the fact of Champney's and my engagement had become known, and I felt I must be very kind to Maud now my own bliss was secure; so I said:

"I hope, indeed, Maud, and remember your visit to us this year—there may be something more to chronicle."

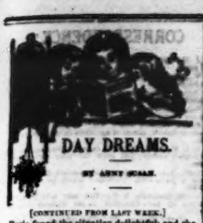
The Seftons' ball was a brilliant one, and [illegible]

[illegible]

Sage Maternal Counsels.

From the Chicago Tribune.

[illegible]



DAY DREAMS.

BY ANNY SHARP.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Rosie found the stimulus delightful, and the ink down, with much satisfaction, into the neat, smooth and cosy, with paper and pencil resting on her improvised desk, formed of her ancient atlas, to write her essay, and thus commenced:

"There are many legends connected with the foundation of the early Roman Empire. One seems to be taken from the Greek, and differs from it only in consequence of the destruction of Troy, was led by a star to Italy. As the star there disappeared, he knew he had arrived at his destination. Furthermore, he had been told by an oracle that a four-footed animal would rest on the spot where he should build a city. Therefore he must forth a milk-white cow.

"O! dear," thought Rosie, "what a shocking account. No! I never could read that about before all the school."

She tore up her paper, scattering the fragments on the water, and, with a new sheet and a freshly cut pencil, commenced again:

"Process the King of Alba Longa, had a daughter named Rhea Silvia, whom, against her will, to become a vestal virgin, her duty being to watch the ever-burning fire before the image of the Goddess Vesta. She was privately married to the God Mars, and had twin children, who were cast into the river Tiber, and closed in a basket. They were not drowned, for they floated to the foot of the hill Palatine, where they landed under a fig tree. Those were the names of the kings of Alba (I forget), who founded the great city of Rome on seven hills."

Here again Rosie stopped, biting the end of her pencil. "Good gracious!" she thought, "what a simpleton I am, and what a dunce I was to undertake to do a thing in which I shall never succeed. How happy I would be if some good fairy would take my pencil, and write me a composition containing everything so nice about the horrid old Romans that all the school would be surprised at my superior knowledge. Then, I suppose, our principal would condescend to praise me, and say: 'This is really a fine composition. I always thought, Rosie, you had talent if you only would apply to it.' I would get the well-earned the prize, and I would not wonder if one of those days, you should become an authoress, and write a book!"

By this time, Rosie, in the ecstacy of her commencing day dream, had nestled so far down into her broad seat that her head rested on the cushioned back. "How delightfully cool the air is!" she thought, as she rose recline, "and how pleasant the wavy motion. If we could have had the history of Marc Antony and Cleopatra for our subject, there would have been something to write about. The elegant, beautiful Cleopatra! How magnificent must have been her large that—

"Like a tarnished incense
Which the poet in a moment of thought
Purple the walls, and so perfumed that the wind was
love-sick with delight."

Poor Rosie! She had forgotten everything, composition and all, and her boat was drifting down the river.

The first sentence that awakened Rosie from her reverie was an imagined grating sound on a sandy shore. She rose from her seat, and was surprised to find the boat resting beneath a huge pile of rocks, while the white sand, lying in patches about her, glistened like particles of shining silver. A hazy light hung over the spot, partially obscuring, yet brightening the whole scene. Where could she be? She looked around her, but in amazement. Then a flight of stairs cut in the rock attracted her attention. She immediately ascended them, and came to a landing, when a door, with a large plate of brass key protruding from the lock, met her view.

As she reached her hand toward the key, it turned of itself with a harsh sound, and the door opened slowly, showing a passage which she fearlessly entered, and walked, until she came to a second door, which also opened, and she found herself in an apartment, the walls of which were hung with rich drapery.

A table stood in its midst, covered with a cloth woven of golden threads, and five golden dishes, containing smoking hot soup, were ranged around it. By the side of each plate was a spoon, a fork and a goblet, all of the same precious metal, the goblet filled to the brim with wine of a ruby color. Beside each plate was a small piece of white bread, partially covered with a napkin, and great blocks of gold were placed for seats around the table. Five little beds were standing near the wall, and these completed the furniture of the strange apartment.

Rosie felt hungry as she inhaled the fragrance of the smoking soup, and viewed the ruby wine, sparkling in its golden cups. The bread, too, as white, and its crisp brown crust, looked so inviting that she longed to taste it. Gently she drew near. She lifted up a golden spoon, and sipped a little of the gaudy fluid. She then drank a little wine from each goblet, and last of all broke a crumb of bread from each white piece.

Immediately a dizziness stole over her, and she threw herself upon one of the little beds, being unable to keep her feet from the strangeness of her sensations.

Rosie knew not how long she slept she never knew. She was at last awakened by the noise of tongues; and she opened her eyes to see such a strange group of little red men that she shall never forget. They were all very ugly, saving she would be immediately disrecollected.

"High!" said one of the little red men, "somebody has been eating my soup."

"High!" said another, "somebody has been drinking my wine."

"High!" said a third, "somebody has been eating my bread."

Rosie heard all this and trembled with fear. She made an attempt to draw the coverlid over her, hoping to escape attention. Unfortunately, the coverlid was of gold, and the rustling noise made by it roused another of the imps to cry out:

"High! somebody is trying on my bed!"

Then they all came forward, and, lifting Rosie up, they set her at the table, each one crying out: "Eat, my boy, eat my bread, drink my wine." Rosie knew had to stop her ears to the cries of the little men.

During the little red men at last on hospitality, Rosie found courage to say that she owned the property, and would like to go home. But they only laughed at her, and kept playing the most ridiculous pranks.

"You must stay with us!" they cried. "We are the five red genuses of the mountain, and we have treasures in abundance, and you shall have your treasure, if you will only stay with us."

Rosie was frightened at this, and feared she would never behold the light of the sun. She therefore resolved to get out of the room, she thought that perhaps she might escape. She rose from her seat to her eyes and he called.

"No! said he, "please let me go!" I have to attend to my father's flocks in the morning, and I shall not be there. Please let me go!" But the genius grew angry, and he flashed fierce fires from his eyes. They seemed a great deal worse than the rain, pouring upon her, and the wind, howling, and the terrible thunder raging in her ears.

She started up in affright, to find herself alone on the river, the boat tossed to and fro by the waves, and a wild storm around her. The setting sun had gone from her and her clothes were saturated with water.

It happened, fortunately for Rosie, that Will Brown's father had left school somewhat early, and was fishing that afternoon, and, like her, was caught in the storm. As they were making for the shore, they saw her boat struggling in the waves, and heard repeated screams of terror. They rowed to her assistance, where was no appearance of anyone being there.

They immediately rowed to the boat, and, with great surprise, saw Rosie lying in a fainting condition within it.

The storm was soon over, and Rosie, rescued from her perilous position, was carried safely home. She suffered severely from the effects of her adventure, and was for a long time confined to her room. She never could be convinced but that her encounter with the gnomes was real, and that the storm from which she had suffered was brought about by their malignant power.

Rosie's parents were greatly in hopes that this adventure would be the end of her daydreams, and she promised that it should be, but her books had been cast away by the bold of her, that the very next Sunday at church, thinking of the danger from which she had been rescued, she said to herself: "God is very good to me, and I ought to be a good, religious girl. How nice it would be if I could never do wrong. Then every one would say: What a charming girl Rosie Bloomfield is!' And if I should again be in danger of losing my life, I should not be afraid, for if I did not escape I should go right straight to heaven."

My little friends, I would advise you never to indulge in day dreaming. It is a pernicious habit and very difficult to eradicate.

[THE END.]

OCCASIONAL CHAT.

How often has "the human foot divine" formed the subject of the poet's theme and given a point to lovers' rhapsodies! Homer, in his iliad, designates Thetis "the silver-footed queen," and the Israelites, in his Tenth Idyllium, put into the mouth of Rachel the rhapsody:

"Chestnut, Rundgren, rest my moisture great,
Hear lovely, fair, and beautiful your dear!"

The fact, according to the myth, formed not an unimportant element in the judgment of Paris, when he was called upon to decide who was the fairest of the three goddesses, Venus, Juno, or Minerva, who figured in the possession of the golden apple which the goddess of discord had thrown amongst them, and it is said:

"Their feet he marked as gracefully they moved,
And round their feet his eyes sagacious roved.
Mother, in his findings for the Rosebud exquisite accord,
with his findings for the Rosebud exquisite accord,
with his findings for the Rosebud exquisite accord,
with

CHIC.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
—CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

G.

GAZETTE.

One of the smallest pieces of money at Venice is called gazetta; and all the literary newspapers which were published at Venice in single sheets so early as the sixteenth century were sold for a gazetta a piece; all kinds of newspapers were from thence called gazette, or gazettes.

Gazette is derived from the Greek word gaza, (a treasure) and the paper bearing this name is by most people considered a treasure of news.

GENTLEMAN.

The original significance of the word gentleman was one of gentle blood. In later times it seems to imply a character worthy of high descent, born or descended from a good family. Gent is a common word in our old writers, generally expressing the softer qualities in the female sex, such as meek, kind, tender; and as opposed to gross, vulgar, etc. In England the term gentleman indicates a man's condition, while with us it applies rather to character. Dress, not unfrequently, in the estimation of some, make the gentleman, as for instance: "This appearance, being well clad, placed me on a level with the best families in the neighborhood, and accordingly I was visited by all who claimed the rank of gentlefolks."—V. Knox Ess., No. 166.

Another definition is to be found in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews:" "Mrs. Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her 'her lady was one of the gentry, and such little, paltry gentlewomen as some folks who travelled in stage coaches, would not easily come at her.'" Barrow defines a gentleman thus: "He is one raised above the vulgar, and possesses true courage and courtesie."

GIANTS.

"Also the prophet Amos found among the Ammonites men of giant-like stature, whom he compareth to the cedar, and whose strength to the oak."—Raleigh: History of the world.

Though works upon giants are very numerous, their history is not so far advanced as those of dwarfs. The reason is, because their existence has been discussed more than studied; because they were more rare than dwarfs, and been more seldom used as playthings. Antiquity and the middle ages concur in the existence of men of an extraordinary height. Many philosophers have even been of the opinion that generations, nay, that the whole of mankind were originally of a gigantic height, which has gradually diminished down to the present time. According to the calculations of Henrion, the Academician, in 1718, Adam was 124 feet 8 inches high, Noah a little more than 100 feet, Abraham, 80, Moses 30, Hercules 10, Alexander 6, and Cæsar less than 5. It is well known that the mythologies of almost every nation are founded on this belief. As the principal evidence of these assertions, the discovery of human bones of large dimensions has been quoted; such as those found in Sicily, near Trapani, in the fourteenth century, and which belonged to Cyclops of 300 feet high, evidently Polyphemus; those of Teutobochus, King of the Cimbri, found, during the reign of Louis XIII., in Dauphiny; besides a great many which are cited by ancient and modern writers. But the researches of Cuvier in ancient zoology, and the rapid progress of comparative anatomy, have established beyond doubt that these gigantic bones are merely those of the elephant, mastodon, rhinoceros, or cetaceous animals, shells of tortoises, or hydrocephalous skulls. The bible has been finally adduced, where it is mentioned that giants were born in consequence of the intercourse of the sons of God with the daughters of men; many other passages have been brought forward, especially the history of Goliah. The Hebrew word, however, which is rendered giant, also signifies a violent or cruel man. As to Goliah, who was vanquished by David, he was not, according to calculations which have been made, more than seven or eight feet high, a stature which is sometimes met among men. The other instances do not present anything conclusive. It is even the same with those furnished by profane writers; all these are owing to exaggeration, folly and credulity.

GILDING.

The Egyptian monuments present numerous traces of the existence of this art in Egypt. The process was nearly the same with that now in use. The Persians were also acquainted with the art, as appears from the ruins of Persepolis. The Greeks and Romans employed it. The practice of gilding statues prevailed in the infancy of the art of sculpture.

The ancients carried the practice of gilding to a greater extent than the moderns, they gilded almost all their statues of bronze, wood or plaster, and frequently those of marble, the ceilings of rooms, and even marble columns. One of the most remarkable examples of gilding, employed with taste and effect in architecture, is the ceiling of St. Peter's.

The art is practiced at this day with great perfection, and with much taste, instances of which are daily met with.

GIVING QUARTER.

The phrase "giving quarter" originates from an agreement between the Dutch and the Spanish, that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be the quarter of their pay for their safety, and to refuse [illegible]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR FASHION CHAT.

Artistic Effect of Colors and Materials—The Coming Fashions in Mantles and Dresses—The Fritz Fichu, Richelieu Collar and other Novelties—Some Hints about Hats.

One cannot but wonder at the oddness of names selected for dress materials, and it is to the French that we are indebted for their curious originality; but while they suggest so much in that prolific and expressive language, it must be confessed that much of the sentiment is lost in the effect of our literal translation, for it frequently partakes of that step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

In the chronicles of the period of Louis XVI. we read of a dress draped "en coquilles" in color a "sourit infortunee;" the underskirt, light tinted with "puce en conches," trimmed with "limacon effronte;" the hair is dressed very high and is dotted with stars of velvet "hanneton coquet;" mitts, citrouille indifferente, and slippers of a shade between "rat effraye" and grenouille infidelle. But what a step it is to the ridiculous, when these terms are translated!

Wide, indeed is the choice of materials and colors to be met with at present, and an unlimited field is offered for the exercise of taste and ingenuity with which to attain the desired elegance.

The modes of varying the toilette are without end, and the duty of the modiste at present assimilates to that of the artist painter, in combining and toning tints that shall make an harmonious whole, not only the appropriate blending of colors, but the proportion in which they are introduced, must be carefully studied, the brighter or positive color having less space accorded to it than others; and when varieties of the same shades are used, the darkest should not predominate. There are instances in trimming, in which a large number of colors may be introduced so as to impart a coquettish and elegant effect: but this requires consummate skill, and great care in their selection.

Citron or lemon shades add to the bright effect of vesuve and other kindred hues, while the charming effect on white dresses of the combination of colors has been frequently illustrated; for example, when studded with bows of moss green and pink, bronze and pale blue, brown and coral pink, the effect is charming. Brilliant damasks are toned by the addition of plain colors, and the brightening hues illuminate dark tints. Cream color or the tilleul shade will brighten up myrtle green, ink blue and plum colors, while cardinal may be used in contrast with black velvet, dark blue and invisible green. When nature is followed in her blending of colors her suggestions are safe, but there must be something more than mere imitation to make it pleasing, which was certainly not the case when two ladies appeared at a grand fancy ball in a shapeless mass of a dusty, mouldy color, over which were masses of ivy in its various stages of growth, from the old dead-looking branches to those of young, tender shoots. Tilleul has obtained its popularity from blending so harmoniously with many other shades. Browns and grays are equally popular from harmonizing well with bright colors. The complexion should have always a decided influence on one's dress; and while the dress of a blonde would find a successful effect in bronze, pale blue and citron, a pale complexion would find it a failure. The part which colored jet takes among trimming requires the same judgment, for it should brighten the costume without being its conspicuous feature.

Differences of material constitute an equally important study as color, as in a dress of cashmere with trimmings of silk, attractiveness is sought for in the difference of surface as well as hue, one absorbing, as it were, and the other reflecting, the light; and in the combination of different fabrics of graduated hues, the most pleasing effects can be produced difficult to analyse; the greenish hue of a dead bay-colored fabric is set off by a satin of a darker tint, and in the position apportioned to materials each one has its special effect, which was charmingly apparent in a reception robe de chambre of turquoise blue cashmere, with silk pleatings introduced down the back, and bows of blue ribbon.

Of fashionable colors to be used, olive and dragon green, cardinal and vesuve, deep toned old gold, bronze, moonlight blue and tilleul will predominate. Violet is no longer used, and even in half mourning, gray and black and white are the favorite colors employed. Yellow is in favor where a bright effect is desired in elaborate toilettes.

From color, the subject of materials again is suggested, but it would be difficult to describe the distinctive style of each material which compose the endless variety in the display.

Silks in every hue, brocades, damasses, armures, and wool fabrics or wool and silks deftly combined, and the combinations of bright colors introduced, forming faint irregular designs, are subjects for one's especial study and description.

Occasionally there are soft, fleecy, white threads dotting the surface, which reminds one of the glistening of snow-flakes on a ground work of dead leaves or bright Autumn foliage after the first snow storm of the season. One material I saw displayed in wavy, graceful folds, was a dark, mossy green, and over its surface gleamed a rich, bronze-red, suggesting the mellow tint of an Autumn sunset, when the sun's rays fall here and there, turning all that it touches into gold, while the rest is left in a deep, shadowy green.

Does it not suggest that nature supplies not only her perfections of form and color to art, but also to fashion?

But I will for the present leave the charms of material and invade the dominion of fashion and steal therein a glimpse of some of her novelties which may serve as a prediction for the future.

I find that clinging draperies are still in favor, and from their elegant effect will retain for a while their popularity; but how long, "quien sabe?"

I must add that the tight costumes of the present day have caused the reintroduction of cambric chemises cut so narrow that one can scarcely get into them. The difficulty of achieving this feat is said to be so great that I dare not vouch for the fact that ladies have contrived to rid themselves of this under garment, at least without doing it considerable damage.

The mode of the period has a precedent in the taste of a Parisian elegante, who (in describing her toilette) said that she wore a cambric chemise, a petticoat of the same, and her dress.

I can confidently assert that mantles and paletots, except those for young girls, will be worn long while the sleeves will be worn tight and come well over the wrist. The trimmings for these garments will be either a distingue simplicity or the most elaborate richness, the medium being avoided. Passementerie narrow lace ruchings, fringes, borders, and fringe with moonlight beads will be the favorite trimmings. Fur bands will be used, but only on the neck and front, and rarely on the bottom edge. Silk velvet will again be popular. For travelling, the Carrick paletot of ivory white cloth and large metallic buttons is much worn, while for street wear in early Autumn, a paletot of light cloth is worn. It is half fitting, and its chief feature is the collet masque, which is worn with it, composed of three distinct pieces of cloth placed one over the other in graduated form, and the edges trimmed with silk of a shade to correspond; bow of ribbon fastens it in front. This useful article is particularly becoming to young girls, and is a pretty addition to thin cloth secques.

In costumes, the earliness of the season has scarcely brought out the coming styles, but the princesse dress will continue in favor, although the various trimmings and modifications it assumes have changed it from its original form. They are frequently made with long pleated tabs extending down to form a long train, while passementerie, braid, lace and fringe, with various draperies, ornament the front. As many of my readers have earnestly wished for short costumes, to assure them that they can be worn with an acoordance to fashion, I will quote what a French chroniqueuse says:

All who now wish to adopt it may do so fearlessly as the example has been set by the Marquise de B——, who appeared a short time ago, in a short costume. This consisted of a skirt of turquoise blue Indian cashmere, cut out in square tabs round the lower edge. A deep quilling of Valenciennes lace appeared between these tabs. Above this trimming were two flounces of fine French lace. The front of the dress was elaborately trimmed with draperies of lace, and with bows of cashmere and lace intermixed. We must not take in too literal a sense the word "short costume." [illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.